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DREAMING.

BY EBEN E. REKFORD.

Dreaming by the gateway old,
Stands a maiden young and fair,
While the breezes, over bold,
Hide and seek among her hair.
Far away her thoughtful eyes
On the mountains old and gray,
Solemn as the mysteries
Which she strives to read to-day.

She is thinking, as she stands,
With the roses red and fair
Touching her unheeding hands,
And the meshes of her hair,
Of the years before her feet—
Few or many knows she not—
Bitter ones, perhaps, or sweet:
What shall be the maiden's lot?

Through her dream of days to be
Runs a music sweet and low,
as the music of the sea
Underneath its obb and flow.
The the music, deep and sweet,
Echoing softly through her breast
Of a voice whose words repeat
What her happy heart had guessed.

Oh! this happy heart of hers!
Never one so sweet before!
And her deepest being stirs
To its gladness, o'er and o'er.
For he loves her! Oh, the thought!
He, whom she has crowned as king;
And again her soul is eaught.
In a maze of wondering.

Crn it be that he, whose words
Haunt her when she wakes or dreams.
As the carol of the birds,
Or the music of the streams
Echoes on our wearied ears
When we know them far away;
That he loves her so? And tears
Hide the mountains old and gray.

Oh, such happy, happy tears!
All the world is in a dream,
Looking down the coming years,
Long, sweet summer hours they seem.
For he walks beside her there,
Whom her heart has crowned its king,
All life s joys and ills to share
Till they end their journeying.

Hark! a step! Her cheek's red rese Blossoms out in sweet dismay, And her bright face gladder grows, While her day-dreams flit away. "Ah, my darling!" utters he Oh, the world is wild with bliss! For the king is come, and he Crowns her queen with clasp and kies.

"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that-look thar!"

inued to advance and soon ran alongside our

With wildly-staring eyes the latter sat mo-tionless, their hands upon their revolvers, wait-ing for the curtain to be drawn aside, or for under cover of his floating sedan, silent and mo-tionless. Through the thin white curtains they could see, en silhouette, the dark outlines of a slight figure, and what struck them as most re-markable was its resembling the form of a wo-

Nattie was tempted to reach out and draw "Very well, thank you," replied Nattle; "now is your excellency?"

"Come tell white bee-hunters that guide at the village of Pokahgan," answered the Indian.

"Who do you mean by the guide?"

"The big white hunter." Nattie was tempted to reach out and draw aside the curtain, but before he could muster up courage to do so, a small white hand and arm were thrust from between the selvages of the curtains. In that hand, which left no doubt as to the sex of its owner, was held a slip of white paper which Frank received.

"Read it," came a soft, subdued voice from the interior of the sedan boat.

Frank started at the sound of her voice, and with a low cry thrust out his hand to sweep

"The big white hunter."

"Do you mean to say that old Goliah Strong is at the Indian village now?"

"Yes; he come there tired and lame—then send Swift Wing after his friends to come—meet one friend and send 'im on—then come on for you—old guide say bringum boat."

The Indian told his story so straight and with such an air of truth that our friends took no trouble to cross-question him, though they took a natural dislike to the fellow the moment they with a low cry thrust out his hand to sweep aside the curtains; but the boat had glided beyond his reach, and a few moments later was lost to view among the drooping foliage.

Frank now glanced at the paper in his hand. Upon it was written in pencil these words:

"Stranger, be careful. Pokahgan, the Pottawattomie chief, is the white man's friend, but not so with all his men. Some would murder you for a dollar. The one with you is a deceifful traitor, luring you into danger. Retrace your steps, and, I repeat it, be careful.

THE UNKNOWN MARKSMAN. Frank read the note with a shudder, but without a word he passed it to Nattie to read.

Both were completely astouished—not so much by the warning as by the name signed to

'Who is the Unknown Marksman?" asked

"I don't know; I never heard of him before He must have slain this Indian," replied Frank

"That was a woman in that boat, Frank."
"I know it, Nattle, and would give five years of my life to see her. When she spoke, her voice seemed to echo through the very fibers of my heart."

"I dare say her fingers put that ribbon around that doe's neck; but, Frank, you are ex-

cited."

"I know it, but never mind, Nattie. Do you think she is the Unknown Marksman?"

"Of course not; this is written in a bold, manly hand; but, Frank, I am afraid Goliah and Ed are in trouble. That Indian seemed to have understood all about our big guide and companion, and if he meant to lure us into danger, two to one our guide and Ed have met with danger."

ith danger."
"Well, what are we to do?" questioned

"Toss this dead Ananias overboard and re-turn to where the boys left us, and wait for them until we are satisfied they are not coming; "River pirates! or I'm a base lunatic," cried Nattie, dropping his hand to the butt of his revolver.

The object that had so startled them was a strange-looking craft that glided suddenly out from the mouth of a stream emptying into the river, and hitherto kept concealed by the dense.

nce he left them, and showed him the warning the Unknown Marksman. Mathews was already excited when he ar-

"I believe it—that the Indians are bent upon mischief, for I crossed a fresh trail out here leading south-east, and shortly afterward I saw an Indian with a gun skulking from tree to tree as if shadowing something or some one. If old Goliah is not already in trouble, I am afraid that party will find him. Boys, I think it would be a winder for us to drow dwar the river into a

"Anyoning for bees-wax and safety, responded young Darrall.

"I am sure I have no desire to remain here and encounter that unknown marksman if he serves all as he did our red Ananias," replied

"No. You'd rather encounter his daughter—she of the covered boat, white hand and arm, and soft, witching voice," replied Nattie, with a mischievous sparkle of the eye. "Frank is bound to fall in love with something yet before he dies, and when he does center that heart of twenty-eight years growth upon a woman, it'll be there like unto one of the permanent fixtures of the universe."

once."

Entering the boat they pushed out from shore and dropped silently down the river.

Night was approaching, and before they had journeyed far they began discussing the subject of a night encampment. It was finally agreed that they return to their previous night's camp before halting. This was some three miles further down. An island was the point in question; there they had eached a large amount of honey until they should return down the river. It was an admirable place for defensive operations, and a point where their absent guide would be as likely to find them as any other should he escape all dangers.

azure depths of night and flooded the river and forest with a mellow glow.

They pulled on and finally reached the island—a little sand-bar covered with drift, and fringed around with a dense growth of short water-willows. Nattie was the first to leap ashore, and almost the first thing that arrested his attention was a number of huge tracks in the sand where the willows had been trampled down.

But they were not human tracks—they were the tracks of bears. There were some large and some small; and when they saw their honey

another, until six of them had left the island and attacked the bear.

A fearful and deadly struggle now ensued in the river between bruin and the other animals. Our two friends watched the conflict with great eagerness, expecting to see Nattie's form rise to the surface; but in this they were disappointed. He was nowhere to be seen, and they were about to call to him when the form of a man pushed through the willows to the right and approached them, holding his sides and laughing till his whole frame shook as with an ague chill.

This strange being was dressed in a suit of buck-skin made in the regular border style. On his head he wore a cap made of the fur of the wolverine, the head of the animal being arranged in front and in such a manner that the nose answered for a peak to the cap, while the ears were pricked up as if still possessed of life and cowardly fear.

"Great gora'mighty, friends! isn't that one o' the most dee-lightful, friskiest concentration of physical powers ye ever clapped yer optics on?" demanded the stranger, in a rollicking tone, between fits of hearty laughter. "Why, just diskiver that ole b'ar—ha! ha ha!—spin round and round like a big turbine water-wheel; and see those boys o' mine how they sail in on their muscle. Hs! ha! ha! gents, that's one o' the most dee-licious, superb ramifactions that old Wolverine ever had the pleasure o' gittin' up. Yoop! sail in, boys!"

"Indeed! are you old Wolverine, the Wolf-

"Indeed! are you old Wolverine, the Wolf-Hunter" asked Frank Ballard.
"I be, sir, that very ole daisy, and it strikes me in the region of the cerebellum that we meandered hereaways just about the appointed time to save your friend."
"But we are not sure he is sefe." approved.

But we are not sure he is safe," answered Mathews.
"Safe as a dollar in a Jew's pocket; he dodged

the b'ar arter he jumped into the warter and swum around the island."

A moment later Nattie, soaked to the skin, made his appearance.

A shout of joy burst from the lips of his

"I say, youngster," said old Wolverine, as familiarly as though he had always known the bee-hunters, "you made some purty lively motions, now didn't ye?"
"Well, stranger," said Nattie, "I rather imagine I did, and I think I had reasons for my actions, too; but are those your dogs that tackled that hear?"

that bear?

that bear?"

"They are for a factorum," answered Old Wolverine, "and now, don't you forgit it, that b'ar "Il git his solar system eclipsed from center to conference. Them 'are dogs knows as well as a surgeon whar to feel for a tender spot. I've l'arnt 'em, ye see. They know just whar to close on a b'ar, deer or wolverine. Why, I've act'ly see'd old Baltic, that's my bull-dog, as what is a reg ler snorter, snap a catamount in two so slick and easy that each eend went flyin' in opposite directions—oh, a hundred yards or more apart. Now, that's a fact. Yoop! hurrah thar, boys! Wool him, Baltic! bleed him, Fleetfoot! stab him, Mellow Tongue!" and the old hunter clapped his hands and shouted at his dogs until the very night resounded with the reverberation of his powerful lungs.

The fight between the dogs and bear continued in the water. The latter acted upon the defending the state of the state of the state of the defending the water. The latter acted upon the defending the state of the state o

"The infernal, impudent brute," muttered Nattie; "I'll stop that," and he raised his gun to fire. But at this juncture another bear—a n the water. The latter acted upon the defen-ive altogether, and was at last compelled, hrough sheer loss of blood and exhaustion, to yield, to overwhelming numbers, the life he had

male of huge proportions—issued from the bushes and approached the boat. Reaching the prow, the animal reared up, and placing its fore paws on the end of the craft, was about to leap in, when the bateau gave way before its ponderous weight and shot out into the river, and was carried away by the current lung to so tenaciously.

Old Wolverine now called his dogs ashore, and advancing to the center of the island where the moonlight fell unobstructed, calmly seated himself upon the carcass of one of the bears slain by Ed and Frank. Then, one by one, he ponderous weight and shot out into the river, and was carried away by the current.

The big bear sat down upon his haunches, smiffed the air and looked longingly after the boat that was floating away with its companion that seemed, in noways, disconcerted by its sudden departure; but rather pleased over the idea of having the bee-hunters' supplies all to itself called his six dogs to him and looked them carefully over for wounds; and when assured that they had received no serious injury he said:
"These 'ere dorgs I call the Old Guard, 'ca'se as what they are infallible. These two?"—referring to two tall, slender grayhounds—"I call Melow Tompue and Fleetfoot.

Tongue and Fleetfoot. The one has a voi s charming as a flute, and soft and musical as toorish widders'; and t'other'n can run so fast nat the heat created by friction 'g'inst the air I singe his hair—look thar if you don't b'lieve!! Then, here comes ole Patsy and Liner—two it! Then, here comes ole Patsy and Liner—two as good fox-hounds as ever led a trail or swallered a loaf of corn-pone. And thar, then, is Cubic, as sagacious a mongrel as ever throttled a wolverine or nipped the heels of a stag; and, lastly, thar is the reserved force of the Old Guard, Baltic. You see his nationality in his countenance—a bull-dorg. He'd tip the beam at two hundred avoirdupois. Jist look at 'em chops, boys; why, they hang like saddle-skirts over jaws that's stronger than an iron vise. I tell ye that dorg, Baltic, is one chunk of muscle from the eend of his nose to the tip o' his tail, even if the tail isn't but three inches long. Ha! ha! me and my loves, boys, have had hundreds of grand ole frolics together in these 'ere woods. We like it—we've been raised in these woods, ye might say; and, don't you forgit that we've heels.
Ed and Frank discharged their guns at the animal, though without any other effect than to increase its pain and fury, then turned and fled after the light-heeled Nattie across the Island.
At this juncture, three more bears, a female and two cubs, emerged from the bushes and joined in the pursuit, for the scent of their companion's blood had aroused them.

As if cognizant of the fact that Nattie was the author of his suffering, the wounded bear seemed to single him out for its first victim. Seeing this, Ed and Frank ran in a different direction, and taking advantage of this diversion, they and taking advantage of this diversion, they hastily reloaded their rifles and opened fire on the animals. They succeeded in killing the female and her cubs, but the male seemed to bear a charmed life, and the more shots he received the greater became his speed and anger. He was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels.

The willows were no more investigation to be like it we've been raised in these woods, ye might say; and, don't you forgit that we've been a sort of epedemic among the wolverines, on which the State pays a very nice little was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels.

Nattie. "Why, we heard you a firin' and supposed a was now crowding close upon Nattie's heels. The willows were no more impediment to his advance than as much grass would have been, and this enabled him to gain upon the boy. In and out of the moonlight and bushes the two glided, Nattie exerting every effort to elude the beast, while the latter, with glaring eyes, open mouth, and blood-dripping sides, shuffled on close behind. fight was goin' atwixtsome raftsmen, and so we came over to inquire into it. We war comin' up the river in a boat, and when we see'd it was n't raftsmen fightin', we couldn't tell what war up until we got right up here; then we see'd that boy reel off into the river and the b'ar arter him, and knowed what the racket meant. So I spoke to the Old Guard, and away went the logs of war." whenever the bear came in sight Ed and

Frank, from their coverts, fired upon it. The last time it appeared, however, it was not ten feet from Nattie; and as the youth again disappeared in the bushes they felt that the last hope

"Over the hills and far away, Over the hills and far away, Over the hi—lls and far a—way, etc."



The Giant Rifleman:

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions. BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"

'RED ROB. THE BOY ROAD-AGENT." ETC

CHAPTER V A STRANGE WARNING

It was an Indian that emerged from the bushes and confronted Frank and Nattie—a low-browed and dirty-looking Pottawattomie, whose face wore a malicious smile. He was unarmed, which was sufficient, evidence of his culated to inspire the young men with perfect How do?" the red-skin said, as he halted be-

fore the bee-hunters.
"Very well, thank you," replied Nattie; "how

a natural dislike to the fellow the moment they saw him, for his countenance on a white man' face would have been an index to a bad char acter. However, the bee-hunters at once packed up and embarked in the bateau for the Indian village known as Alleghan. Nathan and the Indian used the oars, and as

Nathan and the Indian used the oars, and as they glided out into the river and turned up the stream. Frank Ballard became silent and thoughtful. His mind went back to the deer they had seen, and the ribbon upon its neck. Somehow or other, that very sight, trifling as it was, had impressed young Ballard strangely. He knew not why it was, for it was one of those unaccountable things that conjure up thoughts and feelings in the mind and heart that seem born of intuition. oughts Nattie

While revolving the matter in his mind, the report of a rifle on the northern shore started him from his reverie, and forced a cry of sur-prise from Nattie's hps. At the same instant, the Indian gave a quick, convulsive jerk at the oars, then his head fell forward upon his breast and he gasped for breath and rattled in the

Nathan let go his oars and lifted the head of the Indian from its cramped position. As he did so, he saw a drop of blood ooze from a tiny hole in the forehead and trail a crimson track

across the face.
"My heavens, Frank! this Indian has been murdered!" the youth exclaimed, "right before What in the world can it mean?" replied

"What in the world can it mean?" replied Frank, glancing uneasily around him.

'I know that none of our friends fired the shot, for none of their rifles throw as small bullets as this that has killed the red-skin."

"Ah! by heavens, look there, Nattie!—stand on your guard!" suddenly exclaimed Frank.

"River pirates! or I'm a base lunatic," cried Nattie drawning his hand to the butt of his real.

arcading bushes that grew upon either shore. It was a small bark cance, finished off with all the elaborate skill of Indian handiwork. It was covered with an awning and hung upon all sides with a curtain of thin white canvas that completely concealed the occupant from view. It was provided with oars, instead of the customary paddle, and the easy and graceful manner in which they rose and fell evinced great skill in their management.

This strange boat headed directly toward our friends, who, between the dead warrior and the piratical-looking craft, were in no little confusion of mind. Finally Nattie demanded:

"Who or what comes there?"

There was no response, but the stranger continued to advance and soon ran alongside our s

oliah Strong. Frank Ballard narrated what had transpired

rived at camp; this his comrades saw, and attributed to some adventure while absent; but when he had read the paper he said:
"I believe it—that the Indians are bent upon

be prudent for us to drop down the river into a milder climate. What say you, boys?"

"Anything for bees-wax and safety," re-

You'd rather encounter his daughter

of the universe."

Alas! Nattie knew little of Frank Ballard's heart, else he would not have spoken so lightly of it. He had little idea of the secret that lay buried in its inmost recesses; and as he spoke, Frank turned toward the river to conceal his

emotions, and said:
"Ah, Nattie, you are a wild boy, and I pray that your young heart may never grow heavy with the wrongs of a wicked world as—but this is no time for moralizing, so let us embark at

should he escape all dangers.

Night came on long before they reached their destination; but the moon sailed aloft into the azure depths of night and flooded the river and

cache had been torn open and ravaged of many a day's hard labor, they knew what had attracted the rapacious honey-thieves to the island. "Well, this is vexation itself," Nattie exclaim-

cried Frank.

They bounded from the bushes and hurried across the island to the water's edge. They saw the bear struggling in the waves, but Nattie was nowhere to be seen.

"The bear has borne him down under the waves!" cried Ed, in an agony of suspense.

A rustling in the bushes to their right arrested their attention, and the next instant they saw the lithe, graceful figure of an animal launch out into the stream and swim toward the bear. It was immediately followed by another and still

A moment later they heard a cry and a double

'My God, Ed! it has forced him in the river!"

"I'll settle with that old cuss, confound him!

exclaimed Nattie, and raising his rifle he fired at the big bear. But, under the excitement of the moment, his aim had been unsteady; the bear was only wounded in the shoulder; and

with a fierce growl, it charged upon the authors of its pain.
"Run, boys, run!" cried Nattie, taking to his

-E-- Was Bayuroay Foundary -E---

rated their adventure of the day; and asked the old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a leetle mixed in my mind as to real facts. I've hearn that the Ingins war gittin' as fidgety as a hypocrite on the mourner's bench, but I don't b'heve they'd dare come out openly ag'inst the whites. Old Pokahgan is too smart a chief not to see the result of sich an escapade. But, I'll tell you whar I think the trouble is: this country is full of lumbermen, bark peelers and shingle-weavers; and among the many hundreds of them there are haydoogins of mean, ornery critters who come out here to escape justice and pertend to work. Thar's Bertraw's camp made up of Canadians; some of 'em—in fact, most of 'em—are good men; but there are some meaner than the proprietor o' the sulphur-pit hisself. Same way with Spencer's men—ditto, the settlers and Indians. As sinful souls love the night, these fellers are drawn together by a nateral affinity, and the settlers and deagreed teach the they opened and and a great deal lers are drawn together by a nateral affinity, and together they concoct and do a great deal of mean things. Howsumever, the Unknown Marksman's provin' a' epidemic to some o' that

ss o' pilgrims."
'Who is the Unknown Marksman? and what's ur opinion of him, Wolverine?" asked Bal-

lard.
"I think he's a rattlin' good shot—sure of his game every pop, as old Mellow Tongue is of his trail. That's all I know 'bout him, and, in fact, Which way are you traveling now?" asked

Natise.

"Goin' up the river on a big deer-hunt; that's rattlin' fine sport, boys. Jist let me strike a trail and then give Mellow Tongue the lead, and oh, land of the blessed! Sich ravishin' music! Why, it would drive you into ecstasies—yee, you'd expire with delight to hear the Old Guard sing as they string out through the woods. With Mellow Tongue in the ead and old Baltic 'bout a half-mile behind, that trail becomes a gamut of music. Didn't you ever hear a pack like that on the trail of a festive fox?—you didn't?—well, then, you've still sumthin' to live for. I'm goin up the river now, and if you fellers want to take passage with me, and wouldn't care to spell me now and then at the oars, why, come along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old sport. Oh, I tell ve. I'm none o' ver sedates along, my Josies, and we'll have some rare old sport. Oh, I tell ye, I'm none o' yer sedates— I'm as frisky as a festive mule; and can stand fun and frolic than any youngster in

"But we were going down the river," said rank; "besides we are bee-hunters."
"Bee-hunters!—well, now, don't you forgit it, ents, that I can take you right slap-dab whar gents, that I can take you right slap-dab whar the bees are thicker than grains of sand on the desert Salharah, or cranberries in the Blue Marsh. Why, it's a fact, they're so plenty, more or less, that they can't find holler trees enough to put their honey in; and so they jist stick it right in among the branches. Why, the trees up thar are all glaumed over with honey. Bears jist have rollicking times up thar."

And, notwithstanding his wonderful exaggerations, the bee-hunters took passage with the old hunter and started back up the river, still in hopes that they would find Goliah Strong, their guide.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERY OF SPIRIT RAPIDS.

As the four men journeyed slowly up the river, they discussed the absence of Goliah Strong and the appearance of the strange woman in the covered boat, as well as the death of the Indian, Swift-Wing.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Old Wolverine, "but what that Unknown Marksman was quartered up that way. If so, I wouldn't be a eard to call on him." to call on him.

"Perhaps you might get a bullet through your brain," Nattie suggested.

"I hope not; but if anything of the kind should happen, boys, don't let the Old Guard come to grief. Old Mellow Tongue's olfactories are so keen that you could soon train him to track a bee through the air like a flirt. But then I don't went to go vit. I'm not ready to then, I don't want to go yit—I'm not ready to die," and as he concluded he began softly whist-

"Over the hills and far away,"

at the same time keeping time with the measur-

describes of the cars.

Mentally, each of the bee-hunters pronounced Old Wolverine a genial old fellow, full of rollicking sport and whimsical expression not altogether devoid of some philosophy and the context of th gratulated himself upon their having fallen into

his companionship.

A few hours' rowing brought them back to the mouth of the South Black river, Castle Island and Spirit Rapids.

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped

Castle Island was a rocky promontory shaped like a wedge, and splitting the waters of the South Black before it emptied into the main river. The waters that passed to the right of the island flowed in a strong current down through a narrow channel almost under the high rocky walls of the island, while the main volume of water that passed to the left of the island, broke into wild, tossing rapids. The island was covered with a dense growth of scrubby pines, and was inaccessible. The right side, and the end overlooking the Black river proper, was guarded by high, projecting walls; while on the left side the rapids made it impossible for any human being to cross to it impossible for any human being to cross to the island. At least it seemed so to a casual observer watching the sweeping, tossing, twist-

ing waters.

The moon was in the zenith when our friends reached this point. Castle Island, as some imaginative genius had named it, stood out against ginative genius had named it, stood out against the northern sky like some old castellated ruins, true enough; while a white mist hung over Spirit Rapids, in which the same genius must have imagined he could see spiritual forms hovering over the seething waters.

"I'd give all my right, title and interest in purgatory to git onto Castle Island," remarked Old Wolverine, as they stood out before the imposing island.

posing island.

"It seems to be unapproachable," said Nattie.

"Perpendicular walls fifty feet high on one side and end, and these guarded by water, and the other side guarded by the Rapids. And yet, I believe it is inhabited."

"Impossible" replied young Mathewa.

"Impossible" replied young Mathews; "no one could scale those crumbly walls; while to cross the rapids would be entirely out of the

"Wal, boys, I'm goin' to see jist how fur into the rapids we can git, jist for fun. This boat is stout as a man-o'-war," said Old Wolverine, and without consulting his companions' feelings on the subject, he deliberately turned the craft out of the main river into the mouth of the south beauch and started toward the rapids. They

of the main river into the motion of the social branch, and started toward the rapids. They soon approached so close that they could feel the falling spray upon their hands and faces, and the boat rock under the agitated waters. "I should think we were about close enough to the rapids, friend Wolverine," declared Frank, inasmuch as we can gain nothing by going

any further. "I jist want to try you fellers' nerves," said the old man; "if we could git five rods furder up, we could make the island like a top by sidling off-head against the current. So don't git skeery, boys."

Frank again entered a protest against what seemed a useless and reckless adventure, but the old hunter, determined to reach the island if possible, pulled with all his power against the

dog knows we're running into danger."

"By the great Pyramids!" exclaimed Old Wolverine; "it is not that—look thar! Talk bout thar bein' no sich things as spirits and I'll like river day."

Ed told him how the cub went adrift—eliciting a roar of laughter from Old Wolverine.

Having reposed perfect confidence in the hunter from the first, Frank now went on and narrated their adventure of the day; and asked the old borderman's opinion of the same.

"Wal," he began, "it's a leetle mixed in my in a constant of the same."

The hunters were impressed with a strange mysterious fear bordering on superstition, for they looked upon what seemed a supernatural being. Old Wolverine bade his dogs be silent, while with distended eyes he watched the apwhile with distended eyes he watched the apparition. It was moving across the river toward the island; and it was walking, or rather floating across the current of the rapids—the skirts of its cloak trailing and twisting about its feet on the surface of the eddying waters.

Slowly it passed before them—drifted on through the mist and sweeping tide, and finally disappeared in the shadows of the island.

Old Wolverine drew a breath of relief; the bee-hunters rallied from their awesome stupor.

"Darn my riggin'!" burst from the lips of the hunter.

hunter.
"What does that mean? I don't understand ," said Nattie Darrall.
"It beats the miracle on old Galilee; if my
yes didn't deceive me, I think I see'd a human ritter walk deliberately and fearlessly across e river on the water."

We all saw it," affirmed Frank, in an earn "Then, by gee-hokey, it was a spirit!" de-clared Old Wolverine. "Nothin' else could walk the water like that—ay, these are Spirit

Rapids, boys!"
"It's all bosh!" protested the brave Nattie
Darrall; "I believe there is a stone foot-bridge

along there."

"Oh, the improbabilities of youth!" cried the hunter; "a foot-bridge could be thrown across the Styx as easy as 'em rapids. I tell you—but doleful sound! thar goes another!"

True enough; a second figure clad in misty gray, with extended arms, was seen to be moving across the river on the surface of the water. It could not be seen so distinctly as the first, however; the hunters, in their excitement, had permitted the current to carry their boat back

however; the hunters, in their excitement, had permitted the current to carry their boat back some distance from the rapids.

They watched the shadowy form, however, until it had disappeared; then Old Wolverine drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Boys, this is more pressure on my nervous system than I like. I can stand the hug of a b'ar, the kick of a hornit, or the nightmare; but I'll be durned if I want to be skeered to death by royal, ginuwine spooks. I tell ye these rapids are ha'nted by the spirits of those dashed to pieces among them rocks. I alers heard it said—"

"I don't believe it," interrupted the boy hero,

"I don't believe it," interrupted the boy hero, Nattie Darrall; "I believe there is something material in what we have seen, and am in favor of investigating the matter. I am now satisfied that we can venture up to where the apparitions crossed. I'm not afraid to go where any other person can." person can."
"Well, blest if Wolverine and the Old Guard

can't go where any boy can," declared the old hunter; "and so here goes, spirit or no spirit."

The old hunter plied his oars with all his strength and skill, and by a determined effort succeeded in stemming the writhing current to about the point where the apparitions crossed; but, to their surprise, they found no foot-bridge there—nothing hut apery, foaming water upon there—nothing but angry, foaming water upon which their boat rocked and tossed like an egg

For a minute the whole party was completely dumbfounded. Despite their better education, the bee-hunters now found themselves undergo-

dumbfounded. Despite their better education, the bee-hunters now found themselves undergoing that vague, superstitious fear born of doubt and uncertainty, in consequence of what they had witnessed—a sight which they could not account for, and, therefore, involving a necessity for the supernatural. And with this feeling stealing over them, the roar of the rapids seemed blended with ghostly voices, and the leaping waters imbued with a ghostly spirit. At length Nattie said:

"If I see another of those apparitions, I shall reach for it;" and cocking his gun, he laid it across his lap, ready for instant use.

"They say lead will not hurt a ghost or witch—that nothing but a silver bullet will touch them," observed Old Wolverine, trying to appear calm; "but if the Old Guard only had good footing, I'll bet they'd snake in yer ghostship in a jiffy. Why, boys, ole Mellow Tongue could track a whale across the ocean; and with him in the lead, and Baltic in rear, I tell ye the brine 'd fly from thar heels. Wolverine-huntin's gittin' to be dull, 'ca'se, when Mellow Tongue sounds the keynote, the wolf jist stops and arranges its throat for Baltic's teeth and—dies. And then—boy, do you see that?—thar goes another o' them critters—that's a little one—must And then—boy, do you see that?—thar goes another o' them critters—that's a little one—must

A third apparition had appeared from the lore and was moving across the river toward to island. Like the others, it was clad in a hood and cloak of spectral gray; yet it appeared to be considerably smaller than those that had

By this time the boat had again drifted away from the line traversed by the unknown; and, although the form could be but dimly seen through the mist, Nattie resolved to fire upon

With a strange uncertainty and misgiving, he The report of the piece sounded dead and sullen, and it had scarcely jarred upon the ears of the little party ere a heartrending and piercing scream rent the night, and the apparition was seen to sink upon the bosom of the waves.

"My God!" cried Nattie, "that was a human of the cover of a worn! Pull Well-weight.

cry—the cry of a woman! Pull, Wolverine, pull to the rescue, though I be a murderer!"

The hunter bent to the cars and sent the sharp-prowed boat speeding against the current. Into the very edge of the rapids he

Frank Ballard is in the prow and with distended eyes he searches for the body of the youth's victim. He sees an object rise to the surface on the left. He sees a pair of arms buf-

the left, Wolverine, to the left!" he They turned the boat to the left. It shot like a dart alongside the body. Frank made a grab at it and seized a human form by the wrist; but at this instant the boat struck a hidden ro capsized. All were thrown headlong into the water, and the next moment were ruthlessly swept away on the bosom of the river. (To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

Miss Langmaid's Antecedents.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

FRED EAST and I were at school and college together. I suppose I would do almost anything for Fred East. Consequently, when he came into my office (I had just been admitted to the bar of my native State) and asked my assistance in a certain very delicate matter. 1 promised to do what I could for him as a matter of course.

I'm afraid we are going to have trouble out home," Fred began, putting the case beore me. "You see, some time ago, Jennie" -(Jennie was Fred's wife; they lived with fore me. Fred's father at the old East homestead)—"she hired a governess for the children. We never They had gone probably two rods further, when Mellow Tongue suddenly thrust his nose into the air and gave a low, uneasy whine.

"Hear that, Wolverine?" asked Nattie; "your "a lady. There was something loud about her after the first. She didn't seem quite up to her business, to begin with; and then she showed herself, after awhile, to be not exactly "a lady. There was something loud about her liked her after the first. She didn't seem quite up to her business, to begin with; and then she showed herself, after awhile, to be not exactly which we did not notice at first, and she had not been with us three months before my wife and I, we agreed we'd better get rid of her. The old man pointed toward the shore and a little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction thus indicated, the bee-hunters were little in advance of them, and looking in the direction that the old gentleman puts his foot down and says she sha n't budge an inch as long as she chooses to do us the honor to stay with us little in advance of them, and looking in the direction that the old gentleman puts his foot down and says she sha n't budge an inch as long as she chooses to do us the honor to stay with us little in advance of them, and looking in the direction that the old gentleman puts his foot down and the was a prominent witness in a murder trial, and confessed to having perjured himself. It was just children to a grand we did not a look and the look an

-that she is a model of a woman, a perfect angel, and that he loves her with all his and will marry her, and no questions asked if she will have him.

"And is she willing to take him?" I asked. "Willing! Yes, and jumps at the chance. Indeed I've no doubt that's what she came there for. She is some adventuress from the city here.

When is the wedding to come off?" "I've persuaded the old man to wait a month. At the end of that time he will cercainly marry her unless I can prove to there is something wrong about her. What I want you to do is to come down and stay a lay or two and see if you can make her out. You are a lawyer, and maybe can find out omething. Come down Saturday and stay as long as you can. I'll meet you at the sta

As we drove up the carriage road of the East homestead that next Saturday afternoon, I would hardly blame Miss Eugenia Langmaid that was the governess' name) for wishing to

ecome its mistress. It was one of the most beautiful country eats I ever saw. Fred's father and wife re ceived me as cordially as ever. The former was a stately, white-haired old man, always full of sociability and good cheer, and nov with a fire in his eve and a vigor in his move-

Mrs. Fred was a pretty little fair-skinned woman fully in sympathy with her husband, and understanding perfectly the object of my visit. Miss Langmaid did not seem to be

about just then Wandering alone in the shrubbery toward unset, I first saw the governess herself. perceived by her, I stood watching her for some moments, really astonished to see a wo man so different from what Fred had led me to expect. She was tall and dark-not beau tiful according to any recognized standard of beauty, yet wonderfully attractive I though -what the French call seduisante. I could not wonder Mr. East had fallen in love with her; and I could not for the life of me discern the "air of an adventuress" which Fred had discovered. I was on the point of stepping forward and addressing her, when she turne suddenly, without seeing me, and went off by the main path toward the house. Shortly after, a very surprising event took place. I came up the walk toward the front piazza, where were standing the entire family, includ ing Miss Langmaid, whose back was toward me, so that she did not see me at all. As I mounted the steps Mrs. Fred turned to her and said:

"Miss Langmaid, let me introduce our friend, Mr. Euston.' I stood in the full sunset light within a few feet of them. At Mrs. East's wonds the governness turned easily toward me and raised her eyes—and very beautiful eyes they were, I remember. But, no sooner did they fall upon me than she started forward, then sud denly covered her face with her hands and fell fainting to the floor. The old man gave me a suspicious glance, then bent over her prostrate

form and seized her hand. She was taken in-

doors at once, and I did not see her again that night. As fer her fainting at sight of me, I was quite unable to account for it. I had never seen the lady before in all my life nor she me. Why she should faint at seeing me was a mystery I could not solve, and I had so little ifficulty in accepting her own explanation of calmly), that before the week was out I had

had startled and overcome her. ing woman, and was half inclined to fall in

ove with her myself. But I did discover something in her manne o which Fred evidently had reference, but which, it seemed to me, he misunderstood. From a certain air of restraint which she assumed when, on one occasion, I ventured some inquiry as to her past life, and from a certain hard flash that flew into her eyes whenever so ciety and society distinctions were mentioned or insisted upon, I somehow or other felt con vinced that Miss Langmaid had a story, and by no means a pleasant one, which she was hiding from the world: and more than that she had some time or another been brought to bay by the world, and compelled to fight the society into which she now sought entrance. Whether this story involved guilt on her part, whether there was anything in it which should put an end to the proposed marriage, of course could not say; but I felt that her story ought to be known. Yet, as far as that story was concerned, I went away from Mr. East's at the week's end no wiser than I came, feeling certain that the wedding would come off at the month's end in spite of anything Fred or his

It was by the strangest coincidence I ever knew that a clue to Miss Langmaid's past was put into my hands immediately.

Only a few days after my visit to the East omestead, I was called to Buffale on business, and when about to return, having just secured epot, all at once I felt a hand laid with no any one. light weight upon my shoulder, and a gruff

"Well, my friend, we've got you at last, have we? Quite a little chase you've given

It did not take long to assure me that my name was Antoine Leclerq, that I was sup-posed to be a Frenchman, that I had committed forgery at Leuisville some weeks since—where by the way, I had never been in my life-and that I was now under arrest

The only approach to truth in the whole stery was as to my being French. My mother was of French descent. Evidently the detective had taken me for another man; but of course I had no difficulty, being well acquainted in Buffalo, of establishing my identity and obtaining my release at once.

As I was about to part company with my sional friend, he said: "Well, if you're not Leclerq, you look nough like him to be his brother. I've had hands on him once, and I could have sworn

you were he. I never knew so strong a re-It was certainly very strange, and a sudden thought struck me. "Do you know anything of this Antoine Le-

clerq's past life?" i asked.
"Not much," answered the officer. "He has been in Louisville for two or three years smiling fondly on her.

woman (the prisoner was a lady), when, upon ardsville, and Tom's coming down to go with assurance that he would not be prosecuted for perjury, he contradicted his own testimony point blank, and, somehow, the woman got

Do you remember the woman's name? I've told you about all I remember of the trial. It was in May, eighteen seventy-You would find it all on the court records.

I took a note of the date, and bidding my new friend adieu, took the next train, not for home, but for Pittsburg. I had not only a hope, but what almost amounted to a conviction, that I had been taken for Antoine Leclerq once before in my life, viz., on the night I was introduced to Miss Langmaid. And more than this, I felt sure of finding, sooner or later, that that lady had been on trial for murder in the courts of Pittsburg in the year of grace eighteen seventy-

From the court records and from the old clerk I gleaned the following particulars of a story in which I felt sure that Miss Langmaid vas the leading character. The case was that of the State vs. Josephine Digby. Mr. Leroy Digby had been a merchant, whose business as in a very mixed condition. His wife was a young woman, and beautiful, more than thirty years his junior. There was no doubt, from the various evidence in the case, that Digby had treated her shamefully. He not only deprived his wife, in every possible way, her freedom, but constantly treated he with positive cruelty, and in a thousand ways

I felt in my heart that I could hardly blame her, whatever she was, for taking the law into own hands and ridding herself of him, as I could not doubt, from the evidence, she had lone. It seems that Digby had been slightly ill for a week, and then all at once he was found one morning dead, and a post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had died of poison. There was circumstantial evidence in abundance that pointed to the wife as the murderer, yet it would hardly have convicted her but for the additional testimony of one man, Antoine Leclerq, who had been, as it ssful suitor of the lady, who swore positively that he accidentally so Mrs. Digby prepare and administer the fatal He was an intimate of Mr. Digby's and constantly at the house during his illne All this together would beyond a doubt have hung the woman had not Leclerq, at the last moment, as the detective had said, contradicted his own testimony, giving his hatred of the lady as a reason for his false evidence. he was prevailed upon to do this, I never learned nor does it matter. Suffice it to say that though there seemed no room for doub that the woman was guilty, yet technically it uld not be proven, and the judge so charged the jury that they could not do otherwise than acquit her. But she left the court-room amid hisses and groans—not a person far or near who had heard of the case but believed her guilty. From the description I obtained of Mrs. Digby I made no doubt that she and Eugenia Langmaid were the same person and, armed with these facts, I proceeded straight home and down to the East house

I had formed a plan of my own in the matter, and I was therefore glad, upon my ar rival, to find no one at home except Miss Lang maid. As gently as I might, for I pitied the woman, I made her aware first how much l knew of her previous history. Contrary to my expectation, she admitted the whole story at nce and threw herself upon my mercy. few heartrending sentences she assured me it the next morning (when she met me quite that she had been innocent of that terrible crime, and that her husband had been poisoned almost forgotten the occurrence. She had through a mistake of his own. Then she went been quite unwell the day before, she said, and on with sobs and tears to tell me how this awso nearly resembled a very dear friend of ful charge had ruined her life for her-a life ners who was dead, that seeing me all at once | that had never been too happy even before she sold herself to the brute who had sought her-I did not find out much either for or against how no one would believe in her innocence Miss Langmaid's respectability during the few days I remained with the East family; and all struggle against the world and sought under a the while I failed to see anything loud or unnew name to regain among strangers the poladylike in her. I thought her a very charmsition she had lost among friends. Finally she "I beg pardon; I expected to threw herself upon the grass at my feet, and, clinging to my knees, besought me not to be tray her and rob her of this only chance o happiness. She assured me again and again that she really loved Mr. East, and knowing that he idolized her, she felt that she could make him happy if only I would not reveal her

Of course it was impossible for me to do as she wished. I told her I could in honor do no less than lay her story before the old man; then, if he chose to believe her, I had nothing further o do in the matter. I besought her to take that task upon herself—to go to him, tell him all and rely upon his love and kindness she could not do this, I said, I must tell him

She arose and looked at me sadly a moment. she said. "He would believe me at first, but the rest of them hate me, and when they brought him the evidence he would be It's of no use, Mr. Euston. I will go away at once. Only, promise me that you will not let them know," and she put out her beautiful hand to me. "I would like him never to know it. And here, this moment, alone with you and my God, I swear to you that I never poisoned Leroy Digby." And gazing upon her as she stood with her hand in mine and her eyes raised to heaven, looking lovelier far than any woman I had ever seen—for that moment at least, I fully believed her. And even now, as I think of it, I hardly doubt her. my birth for the night, as I stood in the Erie As for her story, I never told it before this to

"Tom Porter."

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

Amos Amory was the happiest man in Westville. For was he not engaged to pretty, blue-eyed Susie Bloom, and hadn't he won her right pefore the face and eyes of half a dozen disappointed suitors, who had vowed to wear the villow eternally for her sweet sake?

The course of Amory's true leve ran smooth, so far, and he was morally certain it always "No use in lover's quarrels," said sensible

Amos; "no sense in this everlasting jealousy and all that! Never catch me getting jealous, I tell you. No danger of that, Susie

Nor, indeed, did there seem to be any danger, for Susie was a discreet little body, not likely to give him any cause, so Amos felt quite But, alas! for the fallibility of human cal-

One evening when he went for his usual call. Amos found Susie in unusually high spirits over a letter she had just read.

'You must have had good news," said Amos.

Ain't you glad for me? Tom and I always have such good times!'

'Oh-ah-yes, certainly, I'm glad!" replied Amos, but with a certain feeling at his heart that if Susie's friend had been "Mollie" Porter, or "Jenny" or enybody, almost, except Tom or John or some other cognomen which denoted him as belonging to the masculine fra-ternity, he would have been much better pleased with Susie's delight.
"I knew you would be!" cried Susie. "Ev-

erybody likes Tom! We've been the dearest friends since we were ever such little tots! Tom makes me a visit every year, and we do enjoy ourselves so much! I know you'll enjoy it, too, Amos."

"Ham—yes—very nice, I'm sure," Amos answered, vaguely wondering if this Tom was so fond of pretty Susie, and visited her regular every year, how it happened he had not secured her for himself long ago

Does your friend Tom know we are engaged?" he asked Oh, yes, I always tell Tom everything,"

said Susie.

"Humph! coming to try to cut me out, maybe!" thought Amos. Of course there was no danger he would succeed, and of course Amos was not jealous, but he didn't feel exactly com fortable, and he didn't make his call quite as long as common, for he was something out of

"Well, I'm sorry you have to go early," said Susie, when he pleaded business as an excuse. "But, never mind, I'll write to Tom tonight, and I'll say all sorts of pretty things

"Tom be-hanged!" thought Amos, not a bit comforted by Susie's promise to say "pretty things" about himself, but wishing, as he went home, that Tom Porter was going to the North Pole, or the Equator or somewhere else except to Howardsville with Susie

"I won't go!" he growled, for he, too, was invited. "Three's too many any time." And he thought regretfully of the cozy evenings he spent with Susie, which would be broken

into by Tom's arrival. It wasn't the only time Amos growled in the next few days, for it seemed as if he couldn't go near Susie without getting that odious

Tom Porter flung in his face Susie always had to write to Tom, or she had just got a letter from Tom, or she wanted to see to fixing up something for Tom's room, and at last she actually asked Amos if he

wouldn't meet Tom at the depot for her This was a little too much, and poor Amos almost actually swore in pretty Susie's presence! And he did speak so short and snap-pish that Susie was perfectly astonished, and wondered if she had done anything to offend

But she was so sorry that Amos had to leave town on business for a day or two just now, and gave him many charges to come and see her and Tom just the minute ever he got

back! And simple Susie never guessed that Amos didn't have to leave town at all, but was sulk-ing at the store, "all alone by himself," as the old lady said who made a solitary trip to Cali-

Two mortal days and nights Amos held out after Susie's visitor arrived. Then human flesh and blood could stand it no longer with an unseen rival in the field, so Amos rigged himself in his very best style and started for Susie's, vowing to himself that if she didn't treat him different from the way she treated that abominable Tom Porter, he would break with Susie Bloom then and there, and Tom Porter could take her and go-just where he had a mind to!

At Susie's house he was shown into the parlor, to wait a moment for Susie's appearance. The room was unoccupied, except by a young lady in black luster, with a knot of scarlet velvet at her throat, a profusion of long, yellow hair, and a plain, rleasant face, not at all

"I beg pardon; I expected to find Miss Bloom," said Amos, politely. 'She will be down in a moment. Please be

seated," said the lady. "She is here now, and glad to see Amos," said a familiar voice just behind him, and he turned to greet Susie, prettier and rosier than ever as she held out her hand, blushing and smiling, to welcome him.

"Tom," she said, turning to the yellow-haired young hady, "this is my friend, Mr. Amory. Amos, I will make you acquainted with my dear Tom Porter, of whom you have eard so much.

Amos nearly jumped out of his boots. He grew first red, then pale, and stammered "Porter! Tom! I-I thought-thought-Tom Porter was a man!"

Susie broke into a merry peal of laughter, in which Miss Porter joined 'You did! Is that what you've been pouting about?" Susie cried. "Amos, I do believe

you've been jealous of Tommy!' Amos didn't deny the accuration, but he just caught Susie and kissed her, right before her friend, and then to complete his audacity, he kissed Miss Porter, too, telling her it was to make up, but forgetting to say "make up" for

However, he knew very well what for, and only blessed his lucky stars that he had not told Susie he wouldn't go to Howardsville with her and Tom Porter, for now he was entirely willing to go

It's owing to my boy's name, I suppose, said Miss Porter, when Amos made all the explanation he intended to make of his mistake. You see, my mother had a dear brother who was away in California, and when he heard of my birth, he wrote and begged that if I was a boy, I might be named Thomas after him. Well, i wasn't a boy, you know, but they determined to name me for him anyhow, so they called me Thomasette, and everybody always.

shortens it to 'Tommy,' or 'Tom.'"

Amos laughed at himself as much as the girls laughed at him, but he resolved never to be jealous again, and very soon he is to stand up with Susie for an interesting little ceremony, and Tom Porter is to be first brides-

At the last session of the Sazerac Lying Club, a modest, unassuming member closed the tournament with one about grasshoppers. His remarks, as reported by The Reveille, were: "What I am about to relate ain't no lie; it's true and actual, positive fact. Once when I was in Salt Lake, during one of the grasshopper years, they had br'iled chicken marked on the bill of fare at the restaurant I boarded at. I'm sorter partial to yeller legs, and I told the waiter to bring me a half-br'iled chicken, which h' did, as soon as the cook had fixed it up in shape. I proceeded to eat the bird, but noticed a kind of peculiar taste to it; so I questioned the waiter about it; and, gentlemen, what do you suppose I had been eating?" "Grasshoppers!" cried the entire club in chorus. "Not mach; it was just chicken. You see it was so long since I had eaten chicken that it tasted kinder peculiar to me." AT the last session of the Sazerac Lying Club,

HER QUESTIONS.

BY EDWIN ROSS.

More than all the world is with me, When the world is far away; When the gilding of the morning Goldens into perfect day, And the lovelight of the sunlight Sheds on two a single ray!

"Darling, tell me, de you love me?
Love me as the stars above me,
When the night falls, love the sky?
Love me so, that come whatever.
Then and I shall never die?

Do you love me—closer hold me— In the dark as thou hast told me Thou dost love me in the day? Love me so that whatso cameth, Love for us shall be alway?"

More than all the world is with me-More than all the world, I say— When the eve succeeds the morning And the day is love's own day; For I never answer Nay!

The Girl Rivals;

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN, AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," " HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI-CONTINUED. This immense sensation was followed by a smile of incredulity.

Ruth began to tremble, to flush and pale and to show embarrassment for the first time. But she steadied her voice and went on:

"I'm telling you the solemn truth, as God is my judge. I will explain how it all happened. The night—that night of Mr. Otis' disappearance—the first thing I thought of when Jasper Judson came back to us, there on with news that Mr. Otis had gone down under the ice, was that Jasper was in seme way responsible for the accident. It seemed to me that he could not have been so far behind his companion that he could not have saved him. I was wild at the thought of Mr. Otis' death, and I arose and accused Jasper, to his face, of being the means of his death. In my excitement and despair I really thought so. I came home, and while the others talked over the affair, I sat silent, brooding over it, and accusing Jasper in my mind I went to bed when the others did, and after awhile I fell into a sleep, but not a natural You can ask my father and mother on this point; they will prove to you that I have sometimes—not often—walked in my sleep. did so that night. I suppose I took my dreadful, revengeful thoughts against Jasper into my sleep. I got up and dressed myself and took Jasper's knife—I had borrowed the knife of him, before I left the house, to fix my skates—make a new slit in the strap, it was and instead of returning it, I carelessly slip-ped it into my own pocket. I also took one of Mr. Otis' gloves, which I found on the hall floor, as I came down, and with these, I went noiselessly out of the house, and ran for the ice. When I got there I deliberately made a wound in my left arm, and allowed the blood to trickle out on the ice; I also stained the blade with it; I then placed the glove close to the brink of the hole in the ice, and the knife I threw where it was found. If you ask why I did this strange thing, I cannot further explain it. I can show you the scar of the wound in my arm, and mother can testify that she found it after I was taken so ill, and dressed and cared for it without ever knowing how

The prosecution then asked her "Why, if she had done this thing, she had on the fellowing day accused Jasper Judson, and cried out against him as the murderer?" She answered and power of the Garner family to which the that all knowledge of what she had done that night had left her mind, and had never returning the romance of real life. Miss Appleton, ed to it until last night.

That, last night, being very much troubled at the thought of having to testify against her life-long friend, Jasper, she had fallen a leep, and in her dreams the whole matter had been made plain to her-that when she awoke she looked for the scar on her arm, and found it, and felt a positive certainty of the truth of what she had stated; that a great peace had fallen on her, and she had been comforted and supported since, not only by the consciousness that the most positive proofs against the ac cused were removed by her own hand, but also, that in her dream it had been revealed to her that Henry Otis was not dead, but alive and well, and within a hundred miles of Pen-

The air of perfect faith in what she was saying which Ruth wore, the glow of joy on her wan young face, made a deep impression on many who heard her words; but lawyers take no stock in "the stuff dreams are made of," and cold, incredulous smiles from them chilled the effect which the earnest words of the girl had made on others.

It became whispered about the court-room that Ruth Fletcher had arisen from her long illness not quite right in her mind; and looks of pity and curiosity were fastened upon her. Altogether, that which she had testified, with the simple faith that it would at once set Judson free, went rather against him than for him, so it was accepted only as the excited imagination of a diseased brain.

She was cross-examined very slightly, it being taken for granted that the testimony of a person in Miss Fletcher's condition of mind must be worthless.

There were a number among the audience however, who implicitly believed what she had Among these was Honoria Appleton, who had come to this public place from no morbid curiosity, but in an agony of grief and suspense, and quite certain that her cousin was the victim of whose death the prisoner stood accused. Something of the pale anguish of her face went away when Ruth stated that she had, in her dream, received the assurance that Otis was yet alive. She felt the truth of the girl's story about the placing of the knife and glove in her sleep, and a great hope sprung up in her breast that Otis might, after all, be

After this she had time to wonder how it was that Mildred appeared on the scene; and when, the cross-examination over, and Ruth's daughter's as to the wound on Ruth's armhaving been taken, the Fletchers and Mildred her place, and met them just outside the

Milla! Milla! stay a moment. How came

you here?" "I read of this in the papers, Miss Appleton, and I knew, in a moment, that this Henry Otis was our Otis. Could I help coming?"
Mildred, in the agitation of the moment, had forgotten that Miss Appleton was not supposed

to be aware of her identity. You did right to come, Milla, of course. myself the favored one. Oh, Jasper, do you

You could not stay away. I know who you not pity me for my share of this troublef one, true-nearted a lenow as ever lived, and he are, dear Milla, and how you loved him—for Think of the humiliation I must suffer when I soon got to be a great favorite among the boys.

Benson's ear.) Father says there is no opening for a situation save on the Nicaragua Canal so much property as had been abandoned on "Did you say his wife?" interrupted Ruth,

hastily.
"Yes. Miss Fletcher, this lady is Otis' wife, and I am his cousin. His true name was Henry Otis Garner. He had trouble with his uncle, and dropped the family name, I suppose, when he went out to earn his own-

Miss Appleton came to a full stop in her explanation, for Ruth, with a low moan, had

They carried her into the hotel across the way, where she was, after an alarming time,

Honoria and Mildred had gone with the mother, and remained until Ruth recovered.
"Why did you not tell me you were his

wife?" was her first question, as her dim eyes turned reproachfully to Mildred. "I did not think you strong enough to bear the shock; nor that it would be necessary you

should ever know, seeing that he was dead, and would never—" "But he is not dead," almost shrieked Ruth, "I saw him last night, and I tell you, he is alive! Mother! mother! take me home.
Take me away from these fine ladies, whom he loves. The very sight of them is death to

CHAPTER XXII.

ROSES IN PRISON.

THE trial ran a rapid course, for on the third day it was ended. No proof that Jasper Jud-son had committed murder could be adduced, except such circumstantial evidence as the reader has heard. This, throwing out Ruth's testimony—which the judge, in his charge to the jury ordered them to do, saying that the girl was probably partially demented—was very strong against the prisoner; anyhow, the jury seemed to have made up its mind before the first day of the trial was over, that he was guilty; and on the third day, after only half in hour's deliberation, it returned with a ver dict of "manslaughter," as the judge had gates of heaven. charged them that the killing of the teacher under the "emotional insanity" caused by a sudden paroxysm of jealousy, could be construed into manslaughter, rather than willful

So Jasper Judson was remanded to the coun ty jail until the following week when he was to be removed to the State's prison, there to endure an imprisonment of ten years—the judge, moved by pity for the heart-broken parents and the youth of the prisoner, making the term as brief as he dared, considering the character of the crime.

The excitement in Pentacket was by no

means over with the trial. Ruth Fletcher's statements were credited by many who knew her, and visiting her house

saw no evidences of unsound mind. It was a tid-bit for gossip, too, that the schoolmaster, though never mentioning the fact, had been a married man. This had leaked out through some bystanders who had overheard the conversation at the court-house

This fact greatly increased the sympathy for Jasper Judson. Guilty or not, it was considered too bad that Mr. Otis should have allowed his jealousy to arise against him when he was a married man. Poor Jasper began to leom be-fore their eyes in the light of a martyr. There was talk of a petition to have the case re-

There was also a keen curiosity to see the wife of the missing teacher. Rumors of her marvelous beauty, and of the fabulous wealth who had been before the great lion of the place, was now the object of deepest interest.

She herself, with her beauty, style, fashion

and wealth, was a living witness to the splendors that waited on the Garners Everybody declared that he, or she, had always known that Mr. Otis was some prince in disguise; his air of elegance, his haughty reserve, his diamond sleeve-buttons, had betrayed that. Bu the heartfelt sympathy was for

Jasper and his parents. The second day after his sentence, at about five in the afternoon, Jasper was told that a visitor waited outside for permission to enter his room. This was not a novel occurrence since dozens of people had already tried the patience of the jailer, either asking permission to visit the prisoner, or sending in little gifts of choice cookery, or books, or flowers.

His room was not a very unpleasant place being lighted thoroughly by two good-sized windows, its walls hung with engravings, placed there by his mother, and his little table covered with books and bouquets; but it was a orison, and there were iron bars over these vindows which destroyed the charm of the free

sunlight. The jailer did not say who it was that was waiting outside; so that Jasper was completely surprised, as he raised his heavy eyes, to see standing before him, wan and white as a spirit, her wasted hands clasping a great bunch of roses, mignonette and heliotrope, her great brown eyes fixed piteously upon him as if beseeching him not to strike her to the floor,

Ruth Fletcher. "Jasper!" she began, when he gazed sternly apon her without a word of welcome, "Jasper, I have come to beg you to forgive me for ruining your life in every way, as I have done."
Still his stern eyes looked on her coldly, and his compressed lips did not open either to wel-

come her or utter the word of pardon. Slowly, slowly, never taking her piteous eyes from his countenance, she sunk on her knees, her trembling hands letting fall in a shower over her white dress the perfumed blossoms as she stretched them out to him.

"Jasper," she beseeched, with a sad humility, overflown by a strange current of irrepres sible passion, "do forgive me! See, I humble myself at your very feet. If I could undo what I have done I would think nothing of being laid away in my grave after it. I alone am to blame for all this terrible state of affairs. I am the sole author of all the trouble. If I mother's testimony-which corroborated her had not been vain I should not have thought that the teacher loved me; if I had not been having been taken, the Fletchers and Mildred left the court-room, Honoria hastened from prized before, and turned to him. Mr. Otis If you take but one step over that line you go never loved me—never cared for me—Jasper, did you know he was a married man before

ever we saw him?" "I heard, yesterday, that such was the story "—his voice was chilling, his stern eyes seemed to smile a little at the idea of her mor-

tification when she heard of this. "When I look back, I can see that he never made love to me. It was only his gallant, flattering city manners which made me believe

you left your diary with me, you know, and think of my foolish conduct, and what he must boys.

I had to look in it for some clue to the owner of have thought of me. It half kills me to recall "One day as Calvo was out prospecting he But it is not for myself I have any pity. my hands. Yes, dearest, who has a sad right to be here, if not Otis' wife?"

My punishment I can bear. It is your suffering that is gnawing at my heart. I have ing that is gnawing at my heart. I have blighted your life, crushed, disgraced you. I have thrown you into prison. I am the means of your long, cruel sentence. But you shall not endure that! You are innocent—innocent.
I will yet prove it to them. More than that, Mr. Otis is alive. I see him in my dreams

every night. They say I am insane; but you do not think so, do you, Jasper?" 'No," said he, "you are not insane. I, too, thrown herself on her mother's breast and sunk into a swoon.

feel that that man is alive. Why, look at it!

They have never found his remains! Could they walk out of the river of themselves? Men are fools, after all."

Yes, Jasper, he is alive, and I will find him. Something like a halo shone about her wan

Jasper looked at her, kneeling there to him Her lovely dimples, her rosy bloom, her goldthreaded chestnut curls were gone.

Her young form was wasted to a shadow, her sweet mouth was pale, her eves shone out dark hollows in her white face, but never, n the days of his glad boy passion, had Ruth been so lovely to him as then, kneeling to him his prison room.

He could not fergive her-no, no, he could never forgive her! but he loved her with a pangs of jealousy tore at his heart-strings and

"No, do not look for him. I would rather pine in prison than have you meet that man again. Let him go."

For a moment Ruth wondered; then a sad smile came about her lips. "You think I would come under his influence again, Jasper—that all the old vanity and folly would revive? No; you are mista ken. My love was almost dead before I heard

that little lady avow herself his wife; at that news, it gasped and drew its last breath. It would be as impossible for me, now, to love this Otis Garner as fer a flend to enter the "Ruth, get up from off your knees. I do not like you to kneel to me, and that floor is

no place for one in your health."
"Tell me first, Jasper, that you forgive "You ask a great deal, Ruth. Will you not give me time to think over your petition? It is not so easy to forgive, all in a moment." "I care not for a cold, calculating for-giveness. If it came from your heart, one

second would be time enough."
"It was—it is. Ruth, I forgave you the moment my eyes rested on you in the courtroom, and I saw how you had suffered."

"Oh, Jasper, is this true?"
"Yes, I forgave you, even when I thought that your illness was caused by grief for another and not for me." "Jasper, you are noble, generous—the same

boy you always have been."
She picked up a few of the sweetest flowers, arose from her knees, and approached him to give him the blossoms.

As he took them he grasped the little hand that held them, and looked hard into her face. "Will you think of me, summer evenings, Ruth, when the breath of roses is sweet all about you, and I am languishing in prison?"

She burst into tears, sobbing pitifully.

"You shall not go to that place, Jasper.
You shall not! Or, if they are so cruel as to ake you, I shall ask father and mother to go and live near that prison, and I will visit you line and live. Now you cannot wender why every day, and bring you roses winter and we call it 'The Line of Death.'"

"Then I shall be quite willing to go, Ruth."
"I shall live there near you, and bring you flowers and write you letters, and prove to you how patient and faithful I can be. I will ne ver desert you; I will show you that I am no onger a vain and silly school-girl. Then, perhaps-Jasper, perhaps-when those ten long, ruel years are passed, and you find me wait ing at your prison door, you will be willing to to place confidence in me again, and to let

ne—love you—as you once loved me."

She hid her tear-dimmed eyes in the roses then looked timidly into his face and smile

Will you -ever-let me love you, Jas-"I will think about it." he answered, slowly without even a smile. "Remember, I shall

have ten years in which to make up mind:" but there was a glow deep down in hi eyes which reassured Ruth and made her feel that she should be strong to wait and hope. (To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

The Line of Death.

ACALIFORNIA SKETCH. BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"HOLD! If you value your life don't take You are upon the Line of But one man ever crossed it and

lived!" It was a startling command, given in an excited tone, and although I saw nothing to war-rant its need I had, nevertheless, respect enough for my friend to heed his singular warning, and accordingly stopped abrupt in my course to wait impatiently for his explana-

We were in the Silver Mountain district, and had that morning, at my own desire, left the camp for the express purpose of exploring the wilds in that vicinity. a man who had spent half of his life in the mountains, and knew every inch of the land we were traversing. Thus when he had made the starting announcement already given, just as I had reached an opening in the forest a little in advance of him, I felt that there was some hidden meaning in his words.
"What do you mean?" I cried. "I see no-

"If you were not a stranger in these parts you would not ask that question," said my guide. "But, look here; you see that line where the green grass grows to the edge of the

timber, above and below us, as far as you can see. Well, that is called 'The Line of Death.' down into a quicksand of unknown depth I have been in these diggings twenty odd years, and during that time no less than eight persons have gone down beneath that treach

'But as I said, a moment ago, one person

A few years ago there came to the mines a Mexican named Castello Calvo. But Cast Calvo, as we used to call him, was not of the common order of Mexicans, for he was as no-

not pity me for my share of this trouble? ble, true-hearted a fellow as ever lived, and he G. (In his father's ear.) I'll ask him. (In

chanced to come this way, and not knowing of buyer 60 days, or 5 per cent. off for check. the terrible trap that lay here he attempted to BEN. God bless me, what is the matter? the terrible trap that lay here he attempted to cross to the other side. But at the first step he sunk into the quicksand up to his knees, and pork trade. in his frantic efforts to get out he sunk still deeper into its unknown dept's,

"Not dreaming of the peril he was encoun tering, Calvo at first thought nothing serious of his situation; but, attempting to get upon solid footing, he slipped further and furthe from the bank, and still continuing to sink deeper and deeper into the frightful depths below him, without any prospect of touching bottom, he began to realize the danger menacing him, and, exercising more care than he had at first done, he labored with redoubled energy

"But, too late! the sand yielded without resistance, and slowly but surely he felt himself drawn down, down into its dark and fathem-

"As soon as he found that he could not get out alone Calvo began to shout for help, yet knowing that there was not one chance thousand of his being heard. Still, as he felt himself sinking deeper and deeper into the mire, he knew his only hope lay in that direction, small as it was, and he shouted louder

and louder, till he was hoarse and faint. "After crying for help till he was nearly speechless, and trying to extricate himself till wild, terrible love that battled fiercely with his anger and jealousy. When he heard her say—"He is alive and I will find him," the old hope died out. He was in nearly up to his shoulders, and it seemed as if he must perish. To add to the terror of his terrible situation night was fast setting in—a night which he felt would last to him forever.

'At the critical moment when death seem ed so near, he suddenly thought of the lasso, which, true to the character of his race, he always carried with him. Then his hopes bright-ened, for it seemed as if he had one chance of

"Standing a short distance from the bank was the stump of a broken-down tree, about a dozen feet in hight. Quickly undoing the lasso from his person, Calvo, with the proverbial skill of his countrymen, dextrously threw the running noose over the end, where it caught and was securely held. But the movement caused him to sink still deeper into the quicksand; however, he heeded it not, as he supposed he could now draw himself out upon terra firma without difficulty.

"Poor Calvo! Judge of his surprise and consternation when he found he could raise himself but a few inches at the most. When after repeated trials, he found that he could not draw himself out, and at the best could only keep in his present position, he fastened the rope around his waist to save the strain upon his arms in holding his weight, and prepared for the inevitable—to pass a lonely night in that terrible place, down into the living quicksand up to his shoulders, hanging there by the lasso.

Thus, hour after hour wore tediously away, bringing him sufferings which can be better

imagined than told. Morning dawned at last, and soon after daybreak a party of miners chanced to pass near the place, when, hearing poor Calvo's feeble cries, they hastened to his rescue; and after considerable difficulty they succeeded in getting him out upon solid footing. But he was more dead than alive; and it was months and months before he fully recovered from the

effect of that night's fearful adventure. "There you have the story of the only person who was ever known to cross that green

Remember Benson.*

FOR THREE MALES.

Characters:

OLD BENSON, a farmer. OLD MR. GROVER, a city merchant. GODFREY, his son.

Enter GODFREY and OLD BENSON. OLD B. carries a plethoric old-fashioned carpet-bag which he deposits on the side of the room as he enters. Scene in parlor or library, but lit-

tle "furniture" is necessary.) GODFREY. I say, Old Beeswax, what do you want? Are you deaf as a horse-block? BENSON. The house block? It is in this block, and this is the house—No. 404. I'm looking for Ashbel Grover. Does he live here? G. That's the governor. What does the old chap want of him? (Shouts.) I say, what

do you want with the governor?

BEN. Want of a governor? Nothing but to have him mind his business and draw his

G. Bless me, but your ears are solid. (Shouts.) What do you want of father!

BEN. Want farther? Why, nothing. I
want to see Ashbel Grover. Tell him an old friend has called to see him -a friend from the

G. Why, this is a pretty kettle of fish. This old codger, if he is an old friend, will probably stay some time and the governor'll ust split trying to talk with him, so I'll have o do the taiking, and go into a bronchial con-umption. (Shouts.) I'll bring in the infant. BEN. Infant! Young man, you mistake

ne; I came to see Ashbel Grover, not an in-G. Oh, all right! Only wax your ears with fresh oil, for when two deaf old men get together there'll be broken glass. (Exit.) BEN. Odd! Talking about the governor and an infant. Little weak in the head, I (Re-enter GODFREY, accompanied by MR. GROVER. BENSON advances.) My name is Benson. I'm near neighbor to Pliny Green, your own sister's husband, if so be you are

MR. GROVER. (To GODFREY.) What does he G. (Shouts in father's ear.) He says his name is Ashbel Green, and that a man named

Ashbel Grover

Benson married his father's sister, if so be your name is Pliny Grover. MR. G. God bless me, what does the man

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unless you want 100 barrels prime mess at 102,

Are you crazy, young man? I'm not in the

G. Not crazy, oh, most noble Festus, but trying to solve a problem in navigation. We-'re off soundings, you see.

Ben. Off soundings at sea?

G. Certainly. Mr. Pliny Grover wants to rnow how Benson came to marry Ashbel Green's wife's sister? BEN. Confound you! You've made a pret-y mess of it! Who said anything about Pliny Grover and Ashbel Benson? or Benson's mar-

rying anybody's wife's sister? All right. I'll see. (In his father's ear.) He says that Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister is not married to Pliny Grover.

Mr. G. Pliny Grover! Who the dogs is Pliny Grover? G. I'll see. (In Benson's ear.) He wants to know if Pliny Grover married Nebuchad-

nezzar's wife's sister, what relative is Benson BEN. Oh, did I ever! Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister? Why, you idiot, you've got things so infernally mixed I don't see how I'm

to get 'em straight again. Now, sir, you ask him the plain question: "Do you know Ben-G. Certainly, sir, certainly. (In his fath-

r's ear.) Do you know Beans and Son?
MR. G. Beans and Son? Let me see. Why, no. There's Bean and Jason, and Bean Brothers, but I don't know such a firm as Beans and

G. (To BENSON.) He says Beans and Son went out of business a year ago. Teo much pork, you see, and not enough beans.

BEN. (Excited.) Another mistake! Why,

you're as deaf as your father. Here, stand aside and I'll speak for myself. (To Mr. G.) Do you know Benson? Mr. G. Oh, yes, very well. But, brother Ben has two sons—which one do you mean?

The one that suspended? BEN. (To GODFREY.) I don't hear. What loes he say?

G. He says Ben's son was hung last week. BEN. You lie, you scamp! No member of the family ever was hung. He couldn't have said that. Stand aside. I'll speak to him again. (To MR. G., speaking very slowly.) D-o-y-o-u-k-n-o-w-B-e-n-s-o-n!

Mr. G. Certainly I do-both of them. Promising men, though one did have to assign,

BEN. Sign what? I shall get mad pretty con. Mr. Grover, I again repeat (very loud) Do you know Benson? MR. G. Confound Benson! Who's Benson! What has Benson got to do with this interview?

Why don't you come to business, sir? What do you want? BEN. Oh, give me patience! What is it he

says! I catch only part of his words.
G. (In Benson's ear.) He was quoting
Hamlet's soliloquy—"To be or not to be."
Ben. Hamlet's soliloquy! Is he moonstruck! Now, look here, young man; I came here to see Ashbel Grover. Well, there he is; look at him.

BEN. To make inquiries for his sister, and to deliver some things she sent; but, hang me, if Ashbel Grover isn't crazy and you ain't a camp or an idiot, then my name isn't Benson. Mr. G. What is he saying, and why don't

he make his business known? G. (In father's ear.) He says Hamlet's a numbug and if he wasn't crazy then he was a fool, and if he wasn't a fool then his name wasn't Benson

MR. G. Extraordinary! Why, the old josey is crazy, sure enough—crazy as a bedbug. G. (To Benson.) He remarks that Joseph was the right kind of stuff—cosy as a bed-rug.
BEN. Joseph! What next? First Nebuchadnezzar, then Hamlet, and now Joseph. Why you tell me he was saved me all this trouble? I've yelled myself

MR. G. What is it? (In his father's ear.) He has a yellow horse he'd like to sell.

Mr. G. A yellow horse? What under heavens do I want of a yellow horse? Turn the old fool out! What did you call me out for? I've talked myself tired and sore. BEN. What does he say?

G. That he has hired a store.
BEN. Hired a store? For Joseph suppose. But enough of this. Here are the things Mrs. Pliny Green sent. Take them and much good may they do the old luny. (Opens carpet bag and empties out on floor a whole lot of stuff.)

MR. G. (Excited.) Why, the old scamp—what does he mean? Start him, or I'll break

every bone in his body!
G. (Holding father back.) He is going.
Don't get excited over a bag of dough-MR. G. Doughnuts in my house! I'll dough-

nuts him! (Goes for BENSON.)

BEN. (Holding open bag, and with right hand drawing out doughnuts, with which he pelts Mr. G. and G. as he retires to exit.) With Mrs. Pliny Green's compliments and the kind regards of Benson, and may Ashbel Grover ge to the Home of the Demented, where he belongs.

Mr. G. Why, the unconscionable old ruffian—what did induce him ever to come in

G. To sell his yellow horse, I suppose.

MR. G. Why, bless me! (Picks up several little packages from the pile on the floor.)

What's this? Why, things from Hatty—Mrs.

Green! Holloa there, there's some mistake here! Stop him, Godfrey! Stop Benson. (G. goes to exit, but is received with another round of doughnuts.)

(Outside.) Nebuchadnezzar's wife's sister! Good-by, sonny! Remember Benson! Mr. G. (Opening note, reads:) "Dear Ashbel, I send by our neighbor Benson a few things just to remind you of the dear old farm, and a lot of the doughnuts that always used to be your favorite. I hope you'll enjoy them. Be kind to neighbor Benson, and show him what hospitality you can for the sake of your sister. HATTIE."

A pretty mess we've made of it. A pretty mess he's made of it, I should

say, with his doughnuts.

Mr. G. But I don't understand how it all happened—such singular mistakes all round. G. Nor I either! (Shouts.) He was a trifle hard of hearing, and you (roars), you know, are just a little the same way, and that's the cause of the misunderstanding. If it hadn't been for me it might have been worse. ers up doughnuts and stuffs them in his pockets.) You go and write to Aunt Hattie, fa-

ther, and explain how it happened.

MR. G. Yes, of course; but hang me if I know myself just what's the matter.

(Exit.) G. (Shouts.) And Remember Benson

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A BEAUTIFUL STORY OF

High Dramatic Interest

TO COMMENCE IN NUMBER 378. A GIRL'S HEART;

Doctor Tremaine's Wooing. BY RETT WINWOOD.

A young girl of unacknowledged parentage, brought up under depressing influences, leads a peculiar life, and by rather simple train of circumstances is thrown in direct contact with those holding the secret of her life. Then commences the weaving of romance and the evolution of a drama of the keenest interest and excitement. The heroine is

NOT A BOLD, BRAVE GIRL,

but in her woman's devotion is braver than she knows and wiser than her persecutors ever dream; while in Doctor Tremaine the author develops a rarely-noble man, who, loving, keeps his love in leash, and walks forward in duty with a consciousness of the right that is have kept to that resolve sublime. In the

TWO INTRIGUING SISTERS we have characters that are decidedly the au thor's own-resolute women doing wrong for a whole life, yet loving so well as to do ill for love's sake. It is a charmingly well-told heart and passion romance that will be perused with exceeding satisfaction.

Sunshine Papers.

A Managing Mamma.

Mrs. A. is an American, a wife, a mother and a manager! At least all her friends ac knowledge her to be the latter. Mrs. A. man aged her household, her children, and her hus She knew just what ought to be don in all cases, and said "let it be done," and it was done. Mrs. A. decided what school her children should attend, what they must study and, having thoroughly American reverence finished, her children must travel a year abroad after leaving school. A year in Europe, she declared to admiring friends, was eminently essential to the completion of every young man's and woman's education.

Augustus and John were "finished." 'Finished, that is, as far as they could be at home and their managing mamma proceeded to make her arrangements for finishing them abroad in the approved style. Vainly Mr. A. mildly re not admit of such a draft upon its resources a Mrs. A. demanded for a year's European tour Mrs. A. was a manager, and Mrs. A. the finances. Said she, "Jonathan, there's our country residence. You and the girls can stay in town all the season and the farm can b And when the girls are finished, and brought out, we can either board at some fashionable hotel, or times may be much better and you can buy another country place."

The farm was sold, and a housekeeper was hired to attend to the comforts of Mr. A. and the girls, and mamma and the boys started for

In a year mamma brought back the boys "quite finished;" and one went into a mercantile house, where he still clerks it on six hundred a year, all of which salary that he can save from his board bills he expends in such costumes as correspond with the foreign airs he has as sumed since his finishing process. The other youth went into a drug store, at five hundred a year, and then ran away with a banker's daughter. Being unable to support his wife and two children, the parental anger was gradually merged into pity, and papa-in law has taken the whole family home to live, and furnishes the son-in-law with a position and salary adequate to the keeping of the youth's own wardrobe in order, while mamma-in-law buys the clothes for the wife and children.

Mrs. A. wondered how it is that her sons, having been so brilliantly educated and finish ed, failed to do more brilliantly in life. Not that she spent any great amount of time in such unfruitful meditations, for the girls were yet to be "brought out." Their time to be finyet to be "brought out." ished came, and found Mrs. A.'s financial difficulties greater than ever. But this fact, and some opposition from the eldest daughter, who was receiving quite devoted attentions from an only son of wealthy parents, proved no impediment to the mother's conscientious pursuance

of the path of duty. "Jonathan," said Mrs A. "the girls must be properly finished. When they come home, and it is known that they have been fashion ably educated, and have traveled for a year in Jonathan suggested that he did not see as his and Sarah and Jane positively must go to ful is often utterly marred.

France, and Mr. A. must mortgage the brownstone house that the funds might be raised. The house was mortgaged, and Mrs. A., and Sarah, and Jane, bade good-by to quite a coterie of friends on the deck of a European steamer—among them Sarah's beau. And the friends went away and said that Sarah A. and

Rob. F. were surely engaged.

At d the girls were finished and brought home, and a grand reception given, and people generally remarked that they did not see as the Misses A. were in any way improved by their European tour unless assuming no end of airs could be considered an improvement, and Rob did not renew his attentions to Sarah, and other gentlemen kept clear of the very affected, consequential young ladies, and Mr. A.'s money matters tailed to mend. But Mrs. A was a manager, and kept matters going for some time with considerable eclat. Finally, how ever, the secret leaked out that Mrs. A. was taking boarders; and her acquaintances did not fail to spread the news and find in it consider-

Last week Mrs. A.'s house went under the hammer, Mrs. A 's household goods were scattered toward the four corners of the globe, and the family have moved to a half-house, in a very unfashionable quarter, and the "finished young ladies are looking for something to do! Their managing n.amma has failed to secure th m husbands, and has failed, at last, even, in finding further resources, to fall back upon for their necessary support, and the young ladies are, now, ungratefully reproaching that es timable woman for spending so much money on "finishing them off," that they would now like to have, to invest in spring attire.

A Parson's Daughter.

HASTY JUDGMENTS.

PLEASE don't be so hasty in your judgment. Think a little before you decide and reflect calmly before you condemn.

It is better to err a little on the right side. By that I mean I think it is better to imagine a person has virtues until you find out his vices than to suspect he has vices when he has more

If you have a doubt as to a person being guilty, give him the benefit of the doubt and

Do you remember that poor young actor, who died upon the stage of a Western theater? As he was undergoing the torment of agonizing pain, the audience laughed at him. As paralysis was coming upon him, he vainly endeavored to explain his position—they jeered him. They did not mean to be cruel and heartless; they were hasty in their judgment and believed the poor fellow to be drunk. This was most aggravating to think of, for the man was strictly temperate, and so the man ager told the audience. Let us hope that that adience left the theater with the resolve in their hearts to be less hasty in their judg ments in the future; and let us also hope they

A person's pocket is picked on the railway train, or on the steamer; people are wont to disbelieve the story, and put down the teller as a liar. Of course he is a sharper—wants to avoid paying his fare—is either mean or dishonest. Many people might be classed in that catalogue, but not all. It's a bad enough pre dicament to be away from home and find out your loss, which is inconvenient and distress ing enough of itself, without being classed in the category of swindlers. I am almost afraid to travel alone sometimes, on that very ac-Now I don't pride myself on being good-looking, yet I've never been said to re semble a criminal, but if ever I should lose my pocket-book and ticket while traveling, should not be the least surprised to hear dozen voices—perhaps two dozen—exclaim: 'Only see the humbug! Doesn't she look ev ery inch an impostor?"

Is it a pleasure to go shopping and imagine that some of the thousand little nick-nacks in the way of gloves, laces, handkerchiefs, displayed on the counter, will attach themselves to your sleeves and you suspected to be a shop

I always want a seat by myself in the cars, unless some friend is with me, for if my neigh-bor was to lose his or her watch, people might think I had taken it!

Too many innocent persons are suspected nowadays, and I think I shall get some one to write me a certificate of good character—will you give me one, Mr. Editor?—so that I can ravel with more safety.

If you are a wife, and have to remain at ome, and you hear that your husband is quite attentive to some female "down-town," don't get excited too easily, and don't have visions a separation running through your mind The female may be a relative—an old friendone to whom his attention is due. Have a lit tle more confidence in your husband; believe him to be true until you know otherwise, and all the rumors you hear concerning him, unfavorably as to his character, will go "in at

one ear and out at the other. We judge others too quickly, unthinking that there may come a time when others may judge us and condemn us as we have condemned others, while we know we are innocent, but others will not think so of us, because we have been so uncharitable as to believe others guilty

Just think of the lovers' quarrels that might have been prevented, all the harsh words that might never have been spoken, all the cruel deeds that might have been prevented, if per sons had but been less hasty in their judg ments, and had not been too proud—and fool ish—to ask explanations!

We don't think about what we say; we are too apt to "flare up," to "get mad;" we don't think we live in glass houses when we are flinging stones; we are too hasty.

Oh, dear, how I have hit myself in this es Well, perhaps you were not aware of the fact that Eve has many weak points, much in herself to correct, else she would not know the world was so faulty if she were faultless herself. If you doubt my word ask brother Tom, and he will tell you that my last remark was not a hasty judgment. EVE LAWLESS.

TACT.—People cannot help having been born without tact; but there are occasions when it is almost impossible to be quite charitable to a tactless person. Yet people who have no tact deserve pity. They are almost always doing or saying something to get themselves into disgrace, or which does them an injury. They make enemies where they desire friends, and get a reputation for ill-nature which they do not de-They are also continually doing other people harm, treading on metaphorical corns, opening the cupboards where family skeletons are kept, angering people, shaming people, say-Europe, they will, of course, make good ing and doing the most awkward things, and matches and be off your hands." In vain apologizing for them with a still more terrible If there is one social boon more to boys had done any better for their "finishing." be desired than another it is tact; for without A. retorted that girls were not like boys, | tact the career of the richest and most beauti-

Foolscap Papers.

Baby Show.

I was the proprietor of a baby show in our town last week, but not of the babies.

Anybody who has a baby likes to show it, and therefore it was well patronized. People who did not have them borrowed

hem for the occasion. There were about eight hundred on exhibition, and I did not know there were half so many in town. I think some of them were im-

As a general rule the fathers stayed away, as they said they had enough of them at home.
The show was a regular Baby lon, and when
I surveyed it I thought of Babel. How the

As everybody thought they had the prettiest baby, all the babies in town were there, and were divided into two classes, boys and girls. It was the loudest show of the season

Although I was the manager of the show I failed in every attempt to manage.

The show was advertised only six months.

The following prizes were offered: For the newest baby present, \$10. For the baby that had the best development

of the lungs, \$10. For the worst baby, a spanking.

For the baby that cried all night—its father

For the baby that has scratched the most

To the baby whose mother thinks there is no other baby like it, 50c.

For the baby whose father thinks it the cross est baby in town, \$8.

For the baby who stays awake to enjoy the most spanking before it can be induced to go to sleep and then don't, \$2. For the best deaf and dumb baby, \$50.

For the ugliest baby, \$10. (As there were o entries for this prize it was not awarded.) For the baby that is no trouble at all—the other's word, not the father's, taken, \$15. For the best-looking pair of twins—said twins to be related to each other, \$10.

For the best six months' boy, broke to harness, \$10. For the neatest last spring baby whose mother don't think it a good deal better than some

other babies, \$25. For the quietest baby that was ever born, \$15. For the sweetest baby that was ever cradled in the lap of ages, (its grandmother), \$15.

For the one who can hold the most molass on its face and keep it there, \$10.

For the baby that has the longest fingernails, and can use them the most, \$10. For the worst two-year-old unbroken young

For the most vociferous baby that does not cry any longer than all night for the benefit of

the occupants of the story above, \$1. For the baby that can stretch its mouth se wide that it can turn the inside of its head out and squall, \$10.

For the baby who can kick so lively that you could not hold it in a clothes-basket, er a barrel. \$10 For the noisiest houseful of young ones up

to five years old, \$10. For the best three-year old baby that can tumble down-stairs and then not stop squalling,

For the baby who can take hold of your beard the soonest, and let go of it the latest, For the best-looking little red-headed baby

with cross eyes and pigeon toes, \$10.

For the best two-year-old baby that can worm out of your hands like an eel in spite of

all that you can do, the quickest, \$10.

For the baby that has the most hair—in its hands from your head, \$5. For the best bottle-fed baby, \$10.

For the nicest little baby that was ever born into this world, \$25. (This offer I withdrew upon mature consideration, as I hadn't money

For the baby who so delights to be with its father that it will never leave his arms while he walks the floor all night to get up an appe

tite for breakfast, \$5. For the baby that can slobber over your shirt-front without half-trying, \$10.
For the baby that can hold its breath the

longest-if it is an extra cross one all the time. For the finest-looking baby that can take

castor oil the best, \$5. For the sweetest little baby that doesn't attend this show, \$15. No bachelors admitted unless in arms-of the

The proceeds of the first night will be devoted to the purchase of paregoric and soothing syrup.

Ne old maids or old bachelors will be per-

mitted on the list of judges.

Babies must be accompanied by parents or guardian, and in no case will they be allowed

to come here alone. Mothers will not be permitted to pinch their neighbors' babies and make them cross. No baby will be allowed to cry any more

than it wants to, and then if possible only one Mothers will not be allowed to make dispar aging remarks about other babies, even if they

are better looking than their own. The proprietor of this show asks as a favor that none of the infants will be left on his hands when the show is over. Admission fifty cents.

The show lasted three nights, and the squalling was so terrific it took all the frescoing off the walls, and the last night, after the prizes were distributed, there was a regular riot, and a crowd of mothers, accusing me of partiality. pounced down on me, and if I had not been rescued by the police there would not have been enough of me left to subscribe myself WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

"TAKE care of the pennies." Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will be always poor. The art is not in making money but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when the are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald, straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red lane. The ale-jug is a great waste. In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs further than your blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you will give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the saving's

Topics of the Time.

—Curious fish are found in Wallow's Lake, California, which are blood red in color, very fat, and are superior in delicacy to salmon. There are only four known lakes in the world where these fish are found.

The Prince of Montenegro was educated in Paris, and was one of the stars of his rhetoric class, in which he took several prizes. When he was graduated in '58 he was a tall young man with a pale and serious face expressive of

—A Russian engineer named Peretiatko has invented a sort of land monitor, in which artillerists sit in a tower, and drive about in battle, shooting as they go. The contrivance is moved by steam, and is about to be tested by

-Colonel S. S. Taylor, of Cairo, Ill., has carried in his valise for many years, while traveling, a rope ladder and a thick pair of gloves. At the burning of the Southern Hotel at St. Louis, where he was a guest, the ladder and gloves saved his life.

The potato bug has more lives than a cat An experiment was recently made in the central part of the State with some bugs frozen in a cake of ice. Upon placing the ice where the rays of the sun could strike, the bugs soon manifested signs of life, and became as lively

—In the recent great walking match at London, through constantly walking in one direction around the hall, O'Leary had the muscles of one leg contracted and a drop of at least three inches of the shoulder on the same side. This was the result of walking 520 miles, with 26 abrupt turns to each mile, always swung in

—The dog-fish which Captain Boynton encountered while crossing the Straits of Messina was bravely engaged by the famous swimmer, who gave the ferocious animal a prompt and telling gash in the head with the long knife he carries in his girdle. The fish turned and fied, but not without giving its antagonist a heavy blow with its tail, which bruised one of the captain's shoulders.

over her husband's retirement. She considers his health, and doesn't want to hear anybody talk of his taking up active political life again. At a dinner given by the prince recently on the occasion of her birthday one of his guests proposed a toast on the early return of the chancellor to politics. Bismarck rose and touching glasses with his guests said: "To my deliver-

—The late Ross Winans of Baltimore has left most of his property to his two sons, Dewitt Clinton Winans and Walter Scott Winans. He bequeaths to his wife, Elizabeth K. Winans, an annuity of \$7,200, with the residence No. 51 Hollins St., the furniture in it, the carriages, the "the mobile her to mentals after his death." etc., "to enable her to maintain, after his death, her present style of living," as expressed in the will. This to be in lieu of dower interest and of the provisions in the marriage settlement.

—The advice "Go West" has been followed too well, according to an alarmed newspaper at Dallas, Texas, and the cry is now raised, "Young man, go back." The trouble appears to be that there has been a rush of Northern tramps to Texas; and the unusual picture of men begging their bread in the streets of Dallas has presented itself to the dilating eye of the Texan journalist. The trouble is probably not so alarming as it seems, but it may be as well for those who think of rushing off to Texas without forethought to understand that The Dallas Intelligencer says, "Go back." -The advice "Go West" has been followed

—The Agricultural Society of Nebraska had an "Arbor Day," Wednesday, April 25. On that day the Society pays \$50 to the person who plants the most trees, \$25 to the person who plants the most hard-wood trees, \$10 to whoever plants the most cuttings, and \$25 for the greatest number of trees planted by one man in the month of April. This system has been in operation several years, and has resulted in the creation several years, and has resulted in the creation of a large area of emptyo forests, greatly. tion of a large area of embryo forests, greatly needed in that State, where there is a large

—The Royal Department of Agriculture, Prussia, regards potato-bugs as a synenym for famine, and cautions captains, sailors and passengers of vessels sailing between the United States and Germany to be most watchful in looking out for the bugs, their eggs, and larvee. They can do so by thoroughly examining all vegetables brought on board; even the earth which may be sticking to the potatoes can be-come a vehicle for eggs and larvæ. Goods packed in potato herb must also be searched. It is declared to be unlawful to import potatoes from America to Germany, or to take ashore potato-peel or kitchen refuse of any kind.

-Dom Pedro is an indefatigable and restless tourist, but there comes a time when Nature will have her rights, and she doesn't always take them conveniently to the emperor. Lately, after spending his day in energetically exploring a certain Italian city, he was obliged to attend in the evening some scientific conference, Seated in a comfortable chair, he appeard to listen with extraordinary attention to the ora-tor of the occasion, and that gentleman, very much flattered, judged it wise to embroider his discourse with an excessively pompous and dif-fuse enloyer of his imperial auditor. The rest discourse with an excessively poinpois and un-fuse eulogy of his imperial auditor. The rest of the audience thought it only polite to ap-plaud his remarks, and immediately made a great noise. Dom Pedro, waking suddenly out f a long and sound nap, imagined that this ap-lause was addressed to the scientific opinions of the lecturer, and instantly began to clap his hands with a convinced and instructed air.

The growth of this country is well shown by the fact that the man is still alive who after middle age built the first railway engine made on this continent. That man is our esteemed and philanthropic citizen, Peter Cooper. He built the engine, after his own designs, in Balti-more little over thirty years are and it was more, little over thirty years ago, and it was successfully operated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway. Mr. Cooper was the first person to apply with success anthracite coal to the puddling of iron, which he did in a rolling and wire mill that he had erected in this city. He afterward recoved the machinery to Tearters. afterward removed the machinery to Trenton, N. J., where he erected the largest rolling mill at that time (1845) in the United States for the at that time (1845) it. the United States for the manufacture of railway iron, and at which he was subsequently the first to roll wrought-iron beams for fire-proof buildings. Mr. Cooper was 76 last February, and feels as deep an interest in the country and in all its people, particularly the laboring classes, as when he reared that noble monument to his memory and their advantage, the Cooper Institute. vantage, the Cooper Institute.

-Thiers was 80 years old on the 16th of April. He has excellent health and suffers from nothing more serious than a slight nervous twitchng of the eyelids. Recently, when sor expressed surprise at his incomparable and in-exhaustible stock of anecdotes, Thiers answered: "If youth is romance, age is history." It is told of Thiers that at Versailles, near the end of the last war, he was alone with Bismarck in a badlylast war, he was alone with Bismarck in a badly-warmed hotel room, disputing conditions; and at the end of a sharp discussion of three hours, worn out with fatigue, he resumed his arguments in a voice quite exhausted. "You cannot go on," said "M. de Bismarck; "you would do well to rest yourself a little; here is a sofa; stretch yourself on it and sleep for a couple of hours, after which we will resume negotiations." "And you?" said M. Thiers. "Oh! I have no time to rest," replied the Chancellor; "while you sleep I shall finish some dispatches and look over my papers." M. Thiers was nearly asleep, when M. de Bismarck, perceiving that his legs were not covered and fearing lest he should be cold, gently stretched a fur cloak over him. Two hours later negotiations were recommenced.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "From Shore to Shore;" "The Passover:" "June's Eve;" "A Memento;" "They are Waiting;" "Wooing and Weeping;" "When True Hearts Meet;" "The Rose and Lily;" "Grace Dawson's First Sorrow;" "The Hurt Heart;" Spending Diamonds."

Declined: "Saved at Last;" "Virtue; "A Night f Peril;" "The Two Spirits; "Will She Marry?" A Novice in Love;" "The Tryst;" "Miss Mitzer's trange Speech."

MERCY. The gentleman named is married, and is about thirty-five years of age.

ARCADIA. "One-Armed Alf" is out of print. We cannot supply papers so far back.

T. F., Jr. Sketch good enough for use, but we have a surplus of that class of matter.

Osdipulus. We do not care for puzzles, leaving that class of matter to the youth s papers. DEATH SHOT. Cannot supply the back numbers adicated. The poetry quoted is written by some xperienced hand.

EMMA CLARE. Send along the poems, of course It makes not the slightest difference to us whether the author has "a name" or is "unknown to fame." So long as the poem is worthy, and we can find room for it, it gives us great pleasure to put it in print.

TOMMY. The poem "Never Told a Lie," credited to the Boston Naturdan Eventua G z.t.e, was 'cribbed' from Joe Jot, Jr., by whom it was written for this paper. His g od things are flying all through the press of the country uncredited. He writes only for the SATURDAY JOURNAL.

Max. The gentleman takes on unwarrantable liberty. Even if he was your betrethed, he would not be justified in such liberties in the presence of company. Express yourself as hurt in feelings at his conduct, and if he does not see the matter in your light, absolutely refuse his company. If he really loves you that will bring him to his good manners.

Boy Rover. There are many tribes of Indians that have deserted the wild life of savages for the peaceful pursuits of civilization. All the tribes moved from the States are largely self supporting. The Wyandots were so before removed from Ohio. Only a remnant of the Delawares and Pottawatomies now exist. The Hurons and Ottawas long since ceased to exist as a tribe. The remnant of the old "Six Nations" still live in Canada.

the old "Six Nations' still live in Canada.

WILLIAM WEED. You can learn to make fancy articles, frames, brackets, boxes, brakets, etc., by purchasing a screll saw and a box of designs and book of instructions. The whole will not cost you a great deal, and you will find it a pretty and useful employment. There is no reason wby you should not earn something by the work. If you succeed in producing pretty brackets, you will, doubtless, find ready sale for them in your village.

find ready sale for them in your village.

JENNIE H. H. The new purses, used by ladies for silver coin, are mostly made of steel or silver wire netting, with a fringe at the bottom and clasped top; but the old style long netted purses of silk with steel slides upon them, are again becoming popular Ladies can make this latter style themselves. The ends are completed by tassels of steel beads. Netting is pretty, graceful work, and the purses are both useful and ornamental, and make a pretty gift.

An Aspirant. Many of our colleges have a "Law Department;" but by far the greater number of law students simply "read law" in some lawyer's office—hence a literal swarm of pettifeggers and "practitioners" whe are no credit to the profession. Don't think of becoming a lawyer unless you have first class talent for its peculiar claims, and next unless you can go through an excellent course of study and training. Of course you ought to read Latin.

BENNY JOENS. The expression "gold lady's watch" is correct, but would be better written "lady's gold watch." Avoid saying, as you do in your sketch, "He woke up to find them all collected together." This is a double tautology of expression. Say "He woke up to find them all collected." Many professedly correct writers make both these errors. Also, nover say or write the uncouth form "cannot but help thinking," etc. You mean "can but help," etc.

MULTON FIELDING. You can get invitations for a

but help," etc.

Milton Fielding. You can get invitations for a wooden wedding engraved upon wood by applying to any large stationers.—The usual ring used as a guard to a wedding-ring is a tiny, flat bend of chased gold, in the different shades of the ore.—Gentlemen do not wear the plain gold ring very largely in this country; but upon the European continent, especially among the Germans, every married man wears a wedding-ring upo the third finger of his left hand, to correspond with his wife s.

New Hampshire says: "Can you tell me how to clean black alpaca and black cashmere, to make them look neatly? To clean black alpaca, rip up the breadths and soak them, something over twelve hours in a pailful of cold salted water; rinse, and put through a water made blue as possible with indigo. Hang up to dry without wringing, and while yet slightly damp iron upon the wrong side. Wash cashmere off with a spenge, and a solution of borax and water, on the right side; press while damp on the wrong side.

of the dress is suspended from the shoulders. Girls never subjected to tight clothes, accustomed to wearing the entire weight of the clothing suspended from the shoulder, and used to plenty of air and exercise, will grow up perfectly healthy and more beautiful of form than if laced to order by stays.

beautiful of form than if laced to order by stays.

NETTIE V. We must absolutely refuse to give any young lady recipes for the use of such drugs as will surely injure her health. Good health is one of the greatest blessings heaven bestews upon mortals, and no one possessed of ordinary good sense would seek to gain some trifling point of beauty at the expense of personal injury. If you are robust and strong, and your blood flows freely and joyously along its channels, your eyes will be quite attractive without the use of any dangerous experiments for dilating them. A few drops of ear de cologne dropped upon lump sugar and eaten, is a harmless practice, which you may try if you choose, for brightening them. If you have nice brows and lashes do not meddle with them.

MIDLE WILLCOTT writes: "I am in serious trupble.

Middle Willcott writes: "I am in serious trouble, and am so filled with doubts and grief, and so annoyed by scolding and advice from many people, that I have resolved to trust to your kind and impartial judgment in my unhappiness. I became ac quainted with a gentleman whom I learned to love dearly. He is handsome, educated, refined, and very affectionate; but my parents have discovered that he is somewhat fast, and they are determined that I shall not marry him. At the same time I have a suitor whom they are striving to make me marry, though they know I hate him, and never can treat him decently. He is much older than I, a widower with children, coarse, uneducated, and stingy; but a well-to-do farmer. My lover knows all that ny parents have learned objectionable to him, and promises to be all they or I could desire; but my folks say I shall never marry him with their consent. I am old enough to do as I kke. What ought I do? One man I love with all my heart, the other I despise." Do not marry a man you despise. Our advice is to absolutely refuse to marry either for a year or two, and by waiting give your lover a chance to fulfill his promises of reform and win your parents' regard. If he does so, and you, yourself, are fully convinced of his sincerity, and the unchanged regard of both parties, you may then marry him, without consulting other persons. Remember, it is a life choice, and patient waiting and future gain is better than to "marry in haste and repent at leisure." MIDIE WILLCOTT writes: "I am in serious trouble.

future gain is better than to "marry in haste and report at leisure."

Minnie Eagar, writes: "What is the proper dress for a glpsy maid to wear at a masquerade? Is there any wash or cosmetic which will remove moth spots from the skin? What style of earrings is most fashionable now?" Wear short, gny woollen stuff petticoat with another skirt above, a trifle shorter, of darker stuff; a pointed bodice of yellow or scarlet, striped with ribbon velvet of a dark color, low at the neck and short or half-short sleeves. The hair should fall down around the shoulders, only confined with strings of beads or coins Chains of gilt, or long strings of beads or coins, should plentifully adora the arms and the costume. Wear black hose with scarlet boets and velvet bows. A gay mantle, with a hood and trimmings of gilt lace should be fastened carelessly about the shoulders.—No. You must eradicate the moth patches by a course of medicine and careful regime Eat light, brotted meats, vegetables, coarse brown bread, and avoid all fried food, pastries and puddings. Use figs, tomatoes, mustard seed, and all seedy fruits breath. Get your druggist to make you a quantity of taraxacum pills (extract of dandelion root), and take one every other night, perhaps for several months. Also, every day, mix a there of a stablespoonful of chlorate of soda is a wine-glass of water. This will make three doses, one to be taken before each meal. This treatment will cure deepseated disease of the liver, which occasions the spots.—Roman gold, frosted silver, and all manner of ancient and foreign designs are in favor for earrings. Small ornaments are now the choice.

Thanswered questions on hand will appear

E--- WHE BANURDAY FUURNAU: -E---

AMOR VINCIT.

BY HENRY AUSTIN.

Tantalizing weakness!
Spell-bound—oh, for shame!—
By a pair of blue eyes
Lit by love's bright flame!

How should I be stricken By two love-lit eyes? I, so wondrous wise?

I, by pride elated, Never dreamt, oh, no! That a woman's fancy Could my will subdue.

I, to care for woman!
Who the sex abhorred;
Wondered what was in them
That could be adored:

Took them for pert triflers; Painted butterflies; Giddy laughers; mock-heroic, Empty entities:

Laughed at tender glance Sneered at heaving sigh Looked on declarations But as gilded lies: Watched the gaudy shadows

In my stoic pride: Smiled at their endeavors Empty heads to hide. Heartiest welcome smile they On the rich man's son;

Noses turn up at him When the play is done. Pledging at the altar Love that knows no dearth: Making of the fireside But a hell on earth—

Woman!-I have called her

Taken to our bosoms But to turn and kill; Golden, roseate apple, Core but poisoned ash; Hollow, heartless nothing, Born to lies and flash.

I had watched the mother School her bright-eyed girl How to lace her bodice, How adjust a curl.

She, a willing pupil,
Scarcely needeth art;
Mother Nature's taught her
Well to play her part.

And I thought that never Girl would be to me More than painted picture, Pretty, true, to see!

Vase of Nature's carving, Wondrous piece of art, Study for a sculptor, Thing without a heart!

And yet two tiny feet,
Pattering along,
Cause my neart to beat like
Drum in battle s throng.

Magnet me'er was pole-witched More than witched am I By the mellow luster Of a beaming eye.

And I would not give my Love for all the loves Ever turned half crazy Wiser heads than Jove's.

What the End Was.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

'Una's caprice," said Mrs. Delabar, Una's married sister, with a scornful accent. "There is no use attempting to account for her wayward freaks. Mother will not and I cannot keep her under control. Your opinion would have weight with her, if you chose to exert it, Jerome. If it were my case I would not like

my fiancee to make associates of that sort."

Jerome Carlisle had his back squared against a pillar, not that the pillar needed propping up, indeed, but he was constitutionally lazy, and one might fancy that he had registered a vow in heaven or elsewhere never to stand upright while a support stood which would afford him a leaning place.

Ah, yes; if it were your case there would be all the difference in the world. I hope you are not going to judge me by that faithless When my heart ceases to point to the load star of my existence

Nonsense! Don't be ridiculous, please. It I had any fear for you, do you suppose I would take the trouble to put the teaching creature in your thoughts? If we pair her off with that Mr. Lorrimer she will not be very much in the way, and I want your co-opera

"Mrs. Delabar turning matchmaker! By Jove! it strikes me Lorrimer is capable of spar ing you the trouble. Pity the only available gentleman of the lot of us should be such general favorite, isn't it? You generous soul, don't fret. Rather than the new addition to our party should feel herself slighted, I'll en dure the boredom of trying to do the agreeable myself. A teacher, did you say? An intellectual damsel then, I suppose. It's a deuced deal of trouble, but I'll furbish up my wits and be ready for her."

"He stood there like Patience on a monument," said Mrs. Delabar, relating the conversa-tion to her mother later; "and, upon my word, I don't know now whether he was half-asleep or laughing in his sleeve at my anxiety. While you persist in remaining blind where Claude Lorrimer is concerned, I must be skeptical regard-

Lucette is never happy unless she is harp ing on some grievance which has its existence in her imagination only," said Una, who pausing upon the threshold had heard the re What that poor Mr. Lorrimer has done to merit her antagonism is one of those things which no one may find out. Bess tells me that Miss Wallis has come. Have either of you seen her?"
"Not I," Mrs. Delabar answered for herself,

curtly. "My dear," said Mrs. Brooke, "I left or ders that the young person should be shown up to her room directly she should arrive,

And it is quite time the young person was having some attention paid her," cut in Una, imperiously. "I told you, Lucette, and I tell you now, mamma, I am not going to have Bertha Wallis majestically snubbed as musicteachers generally are in this house. It was very well while it was Miss Hagge, snuffy old thing! but poor little Bertha has quite enough of shadow life in that dingy seminary. know all about her from the preceptress, and I am bound she shall have a glimpse of sunshine now if never before

She passed on with that, singing as she went in the same spirit of defiance which shone forth from her brightly handsome face:

My day is to-day, and to-morrow for thee; But when shall that to-morrow be?" "When, indeed?" thought Mrs. Delabar,

"What with the stupidity of all these people it is likely to be when too much of your own sweet will loses you the best catch of a lifetime, my dear.

Bertha Wallis came timidly forward as that radiant apparition entered. It seemed like a led to a show of devotion, where, unincumbe dream to her yet, the piece of good fortune ed, he would not bestow a serious thought." which had wafted her to Brooke Villa. It was

the preceptress, was concerned. Every year since Una Brooke graduated from her estabishment madame had received a present when the family came down to their country-house, and very willingly sent her music-teacher to play polkas and waltzes to the gay young company thronging the villa from the time of their coming until their departure. That the young pupil-teacher had been promoted to fill the vacancy occasioned by Miss Hagge's withdrawal —at cne-half the latter's salary and her full capability—would not, m dame hoped, disappoint the expectations of her kind patrons at

Brooke Villa. Una, conducting the interview, glanced at Miss Wallis where she was walking in the grounds, and, with a quick glow rising over her face, professed herself satisfied.

She gave her another look now, put her arm about her shoulders impulsively and kissed her

"You dear little thing!" she said. "You are even prettier than I thought you were." "It was so kind of you to think of letting

'Very kind, indeed." A touch of dryness in Una's voice. "You will probably think so still more when you find what a dissipated set we are, and you are kept out of bed to uncon scionable hours jingling tunes when you ought to be gathering new force against the martyr-dom of next term. I should think you had enough of that sort of thing at school."

"It is nice to get away from running the gamut forever," confided Bertha, naively.

"And you really like it here?"
"Like it!" The words were too tame. "Oh, how happy—how happy—how happy you must be. Do you know, Miss Brooke, you are the first person I ever saw who had everything they could possibly want?"

"Everything I want, you unsophisticated child! Yes, I have everything"—finished under her breath with—"but my heart's de-

Mr. Carlisle opened his eyes when the "intellectual damsel" first passed before his sight. A little creature, rosy and dimpled and bright, with fair hair and dark eyes, her dress of soft, gauzy blue, with puffs of snowy illusion and the gleam of Roman pearls, which he, in his masculine innocence, thought infinitely more becoming than the point lace and Ceylon pearls worn by Mrs. Delabar. Una was like a royal rose beside this charming little daisy, and vet - and vet-

Well, who can give any reason for the unreasoning course taken by that perverse emo-tion, sweetest and strongest in the youthful We know individuals whom we admire ardently and respect sincerely, but we do not lose our heads and hearts on their behalf. We have none of the pain of bliss and foolish rap-turous flutterings in their presence. Along comes another, in no way so brilliant or so admirable, and beh ld! the mischief is done.

We never stop to ask why after that, but are content with the fact, and so was Mr. Carlisle. Not that he came to an understanding with himself that first evening, nor for many after ward, but all the same, the mischief was done —done, despite the fact that remained of his betrothal to Una Brooke.

"I might have spared myself my trouble-ome researches," he said to Mrs. Delabar. "I'll be able to make myself intelligible there with-

"Were you cramming when I saw you with Eugenie Grandet"! I thought you were

"It would have been of Belzac's 'Girl with the Golden Eyes,' had I seen Miss Wallis

Mrs. Delabar was not listening very intent ly. She was watching, with scarcely concealed impatience, a couple who walked on the moonpiazza; she fancied she could see the droop of Claude Lorrimer's head, the dreamy tender ness of his handsome, poetic face and swept away to put a temporary check upon her sister's flirtation with that audacious young man. That it was more than a flirtation Mrs. Delabar's pride of caste would not permit her

to think. 'But." reasoned the astute matron. Jerome ever wakes up enough to realize how she is trifling with the other, he will just coolly give her her liberty, and cut clear of the whole affair. He has Spartan stuff under his

She had the pleasant remembrance after ward that it was herself sent Una in to reliev Bertha at the piano; that it was herself kept Lorrimer discussing art subjects: that it was due to her Mr. Carlisle devoted himself to Bertha uninterruptedly for a couple of hours, floating through a mazy waltz, looking over engravings, talking more animatedly than Jerome often roused himself to do. Bertha could talk, he found, frankly and sensibly, a tate of affairs he had never known before with such wax-like prettiness. Her charm ay in her utter forgetfulness of self, per

That was the beginning. The end came soon soon, counting the days and weeks, but long enough to compress heaven in one restfu period of earthly existence for Bertha. Life had been a hard struggle with her, but she had nade the best of it. Why should she not enmade the best of it. oy the sunshine and the flowers; its sweets hough she was only an humble toiler in the

universal hive. It was that unvarying brightness of hers set Carlisle to thinking, and a direct cause of the result was the merest trifle. Una and Bertha chanced to be placed side by side, both silent and absorbed for the moment, and Jerome, unobserved, watched the play of those wo faces. A shadow had come over Una's brilliant beauty, he could trace lines of anxiety marring her smooth brow, but the expression nate, painful, longing, baffled him. He read the signs of a nature at war with itself but vaguely. What cause had she for a rest less familiar when Bertha's serene loveliness

shone forth undimmed? Una left the room while that train of thought filled his mind, and somehow-he never knew how-before he had fairly decided to gain freedom and eventually declare the passion h no longer attempted to conceal from himself, it found its way into words. A torrent o words, once they broke forth, passionate and pleading, which opened up the future for Bertha through a golden fairyland of which she had scarcely dared to dream

Miss Wallis! It was Mrs. Delabar coming upon the scene which one glance from her keen eyes read through. It was Mrs. Delabar who, five minutes later, put an end to Bertha's briefly happy

"It is not necessary that I should come upon Mr. Carlisle's actions," said Mrs. Dela-bar, icily. "His engagement with my sister is no secret. I simply wish to warn you, Miss Wallis, that people are apt to make ill-natured remarks when a gentleman in his position is led to a show of devotion, where, unincumber-

a very practical affair so far as Madame Lanier, tion to mislead, stole away, feeling as if she should come between her and the man she had the precentress was concerned. Every year had been under the lash of a scorpion tongue, sworn to win, by fair means or foul. had been under the lash of a scorpion tongue. She went into Una's room that night, having passed the intervening hours in her own.

"I-I must go away," she faltered; "back to the seminary

Una, sitting idly by the window, turned.
"Why, Bertha? You are not in earnest, surely? You shall not leave me so abruptly." Then as Bertha persisted: "What is at the bottom of this sudden resolution, my dear? Something, I know."

Bertha was too eminently truthful to say Nothing," as most girls would have done. "I cannot tell you. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Brooke, but I must go back."

Una was too considerate to urge her fur "I will see that some one drives you over in the morning, then," she said. The moment Bertha was gone she left her room, passed down the silent stairway, out into the night, and so on to the stable over which was the

by volunteering him a leave of absence for the ext two days. The younger people had gone riding next morning, Mrs. Brooke, who was half an in-valid, had not left her room, and Mrs. Delabar was closeted with the housekeeper, when Ber tha came down in her simple outdoor attire. She was leaving the villa with as little atten-

coachman's room, and surprised honest Jem

tion as she had entered there, but with a weight of dull misery bearing down her joyous A light of surprise flashed over her face as Jerome came forward to meet her. He exlained very quietly that he was to drive her

ver in place of Jem, absent. If she had expected he would renew his protestations of the previous day, she was mis-taken. Very little was said during the earlier part of the ride. The horse, a spirited thoroughbred, went at a quick, untiring pace, bearing them swiftly over the dusty high-road. and through green country lanes. At last the glaring red brick walls of the seminary were visible, and Bertha pointed the building out to him just before they entered a fringe of grove

overhanging a deep, dark ravine.

He turned to her then as the cool shadow of the wood fell over them, speaking hurriedly: "There is something I wish to say to you which I am not free to say yet. I think I

shall be soon. Forgive me for yesterday, and say that I may come to see you to-morrow."

The truth was, he had endeavored to have an interview with Una before setting out, but she had baffled him. What Bertha's answer would have been will never now be known.

At the instant some unseen sportsman near fired his piece Startled by the report, Carlisle's horse made a sudden spring which jerked the reins from his hand. He leaned forward and strove to regain them, shouting to the horse, but the frenzied creature was past obeying his command; it made a mad plunge for-ward, for the space of a breath they were poised upon the brink above the ravine, then all went over the precipitous steep.

The next Bertha knew was the horror of seeing Carlisle pinned fast by the body of the dead horse, himself as white and still as death. She never felt her own hurts. She strove frantically, with futile efforts, to release him from that crushing weight. Failing, she crept down to the rivulet which trickled through the hadow below, and wetting her handkerchief bathed his pallid face, chafing his hands and calling his name in that agony which would not permit her to remain inactive.

She had thought him dead from the first, but a change came. The closed lids lifted, and a passion as strong as life was in the look. "I think I am dying," he said, in a weak hisper. "Dearest love, remember—I de whisper.

She had to stoop low to catch those feeble accents. It was as if the wavering spirit had been recalled to give her that assurance, for afterward carved marble could not have seemed more lifeless than he. Feeling strange miet and numb. Bertha also felt that all th glory of life had fled for her.

It was not strange that she had a fever after that day's shock. When consciousness came again, she was in her own bed in a corner of the big, silent dormitory, with the preceptress standing over her. She had no merciful forgetfulness; memory came to her with her first waking. She asked but one question.

"When did he die?" "Who, my dear? Oh, Mr. Carlisle. He did not die at all. He is almost entirely recovered, I believe, although we do not hear now as when he was at the villa. They all left there soon after Una's marriage. You are not to talk.

Bertha had no desire to talk after that. She had no desire to live, but despite her wish life prevailed. A life so flat and dreary, so barren of all promise or hope, he wondered if she would ever become reconciled to it. She was wondering that for the hundredth time as gentleman came up through the grounds, and was directed to the sunny south room where the convalescent sat. She gave a breathless cry as he appeared before her, and pressed her hands hard above her fiercely-beating heart.

"My love! My darling! At last!" She kept him back by a repellant gesture. Mr. Carlisle, you forget. Una — your

"I have no wife. I will have none except Have they not told you? Do you not know that Una eloped with Lorrimer and mar ried him that day, and so gave me the freedom I would have asked?"

And surely, further, record is not required to go.

Sowing the Wind: THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XIII. A GIRL'S HUMILIATION.

THE trio that gathered around the breakfast-table at Westwood that morning were outward-ly as usual—pleasant, courteous, well-dressed, but to Rose St. Felix' keen perception there was

but to Rose St. Felix' keen perception there was something very decidedly amiss in Jocelyne, while on Mr. Ithamar's pale, grave face she read the signs of the conflict he had undergone through the long, woful hours of the night. Her interest was instantly on the qui-vive. Was there a mutual trouble between them? Was it possible that Mr. Ithamar had found it past his strength to keep his secret longer, and in a moment of passion and weakness told Joce. n a moment of passion and weakness told Joce vne he loved her?

lyne he loved her?

Her eyes shone with lurid gleams among their beautiful blue shadows at the very thought, and as with pleasant outward seeming she laughed and chatted in her most enchanting way, she would not bestow a serious thought."

Poor little Bertha, innocent of every inten-

Jocelyne was quieter than usual, and Mr. Ithamar noticed she ate very little, and that her eyes were heavy and drooping, but he said nothing at the time beyond a courteous inquiry after her health which she answered with her usual sweet errections are

rer her health which she answered with her usual sweet graciousness.

After breakfast Mr. Ithamar retired to his library, his usual custom; Rose dressed for a walk in the park, hoping to banish the last traces of her nervous prostration, and Jocelyne went directly back to her room, where a bright, cheery fire was burning in the open grate, before which her maid had wheeled a low silken

ouch.

"You complained of being so chilly, Miss Jocelyne. Lie down, and I will throw the affghan over you."

Jocelyne thanked the girl's thoughtfulness, and obeyed, but she could not lie quietly. It seemed as though some restless fever possessed her, that made it equally impossible for her to repose physically or mentally. For an hour or more she alternately paced to and fro through the suit of rooms and endeavored to lie quietly on the couch. Then, when it seemed to her her nervous excitement was too keen to endure, she nervous excitement was too keen to endure, she directed her maid to go to the library and ask Mr. Ithamar if he would come to her, that she

wanted him, particularly, and at once.

The urgent message startled Mr. Ithamar, and he laid down his pen instantly.

"Miss Jocelyne is ill, I am sure. You had better tell Jonas to go for Dr. Fayne, while I go The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried

The girl seemed reluctant to obey the hurried order.

** Please excuse me, sir, but I don't think Miss Jocelyne is sick, at least not now, not sick enough for a doctor. She seems in distress of mind, sir—and please don't tell her I said it, but she never went to her room at all last night."

Mr. Ithamar's face paled.

"Never went to her room at all! Pauline, what do you mean?"

"She was in the drawing-room, sitting in the big yellow chair until near daylight this morning, sir; I went softly in and out, to watch her, all night, but she didn't notice it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and had-

all night, but she didn't house it, sir. And this morning, early, she came to her room, and hadn't been in bed but a few minutes when she fainted, and laid so a long while."

Mr. Ithamar's face blanched still more.

"And you never called me—you never alarmed the house! Pauline, how dared you?"

She locked earnestly at him.

She looked earnestly at him.

"Indeed, faints are nothing, and Miss Joceyne often has them. She's not as strong as one

lyne often has them. She's not as strong as one would think, sir."

"Not strong," his darling, his one ewe lamb that he would so love to carry in his breast forever! His stern lips quivered, and he turned his face away.

"Tell Miss Jocelyne I will go to her at once," he said, and almost by the time the message was delivered he was tapping at her door.

Jocelyne's low, sweet voice answered him promptly, making every nerve in his body quiver at sound of it, and he went into her room, that was so sunshiny and warm and womanly in all its elegance of luxury.

Jocelyne had left the lounge, and was sitting in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so

in a low spring rocker beside the fire, looking so piteously pale, with her big dark eyes looking at him with all the wistfulness she felt, her sweet nouth quivering with her woe.

Mr. Ithamar took a seat on the couch, alarm-

ed at her appearance.

"Jocelyne, why, Jocelyne! Pauline said you were not ill, and you certainly are. I shall send for Fayne at once! He arose to go to the dressing-room in search f Pauline, but Jocelyne reached out her hand

or rannie, but society is reacted out her hand restrainingly.

"Don't, Guardy! Really I am not sick—only troubled. Sit down, I have something to talk to you about."

She was speaking very gravely, and Mr. Itha-mar saw the effort it took for her to restrain her emotion. He sat down again, and took her icy little hand in his

little hand in his.
"What is the matter, my little girl? You can tell me freely, you know. Consider me your elder brother, your father, if you will, to whom you would naturally look for sympathy and adlittle hand in his.

His grave, loving tones touched her very heart.

His grave, loving tones touched her very heart.
Her lips quivered, her breast heaved, her eyes
overflowed and she sobbed like a little child.
"Oh, Guardy, Guardy, I am afraid I never
can tell you, after all! I am—am—ashamed! I
can't tell you!"
Her words came in piteous moans between
her sobs and tears that convulsed her dainty
frame, that made Mr. Ithamar's face pale with frame, that made Mr. Ithamar's face pale with emotion, that made his strong, suffering heart throb fiercely. But, he controlled the surging feelings well, and when he placed his arm gently around Jocelyne's shoulders, and drew her toward him, chair and all, and laid her

her toward him, chair and all, and laid her dusky head against his own, she only recognized the infinite tenderness of the action.

"Now, Jocelyne, my dear little one, whatever is your trouble I must know it; I will share it with you. Tell me, Jocelyne, at once."

His voice, though tender, was authoritative, and as he spoke, he lifted her pale, piteous face, with its tear-dimmed eyes, compelling her gaze.

"You will despise me; I can't, I can't, oh, Guardy!"

Guardy!"
She dropped her eyes, and a quick, burning flush suffused her face.
"You know I will never do that, dear. I am waiting, Jocelyne—has it anything to do with She nodded swiftly, then her face paled again

He watched her with outward calmness and pa-tience, but within—vague, suffocating sensations noment of silence followed that he broke.

A moment of silence followed that he broke.

"What has he said, or done, or left undone to grieve you thus?"

The direct question stabbed her to the heart as she realized all the shame that was hers in being obliged to confess herself rivaled in the affections of her betrothed lover.

She anddonly sprung from her chair walking

being obliged to confess herself rivaled in the affections of her betrothed lover.

She suddenly sprung from her chair, walking across the room, wringing her fair hands.

"Guardy, please don't ask me! It was wrong in me to send for you—I must not tell you. It cannot! You will never respect me again!"

What could she mean? A sudden ecstasy sprung to Mr. Ithamar's eyes, and was irradiated over his grand, patient face.

"Jocelyne," he said, and his heart throbbed so that his voice quivered, "Jocelyne, can it be that you have ceased to—to—love him?"

His tones, his ardor compelled her glance. A crimson stain warmed the lily pureness of her face for the one moment their eyes met. Her breath came a sudden, hurried tumult, then her eyes sunk in swift confusion.

"Oh—no," she answered, after a moment's pause, as though she feared a longer silence, and would have said anything to break it.

"Then, Jocelyne, if you love him, there is no terminal to the sun and the property of the control of the party of the party

"Then, Jocelyne, if you love him, there is no trouble you cannot endure."

The glory faded sharply from 'his eyes, and the flush from her drooping face, and a silence that was almost awful followed. Then, so suddenly that it startled him, Jocelyne stepped up to him, pale and foreibly composed. to him, pale and forcibly composed.
"Guardy, it is he who does not love me!"
Mr. Ithamar gazed at her in perfect bewil-

dermeut.

"Not love you—not love you, Jocelyne; I can not understand it."

"Neither can I," she returned, brokenly, in a "I never knew it until—

mained, grave voice. "I never knew it until— until—last night—and then I found this."

She did not raise her eyes as she handed him the letter Kenneth Richmond had dropped, but

him!
What should he advise her? What was he to What should he advise her? What was he to say that should not be tainted with prejudice, the prejudice of his own great passion for this girl? And as he thought, his anger and rage rose against the man who had dared win his jewel under such vile circumstances—who dared think of another woman while his troth was plichted to Locelyne. And Jocelyne saw the flush on his face, and the flash in his eyes, and the stern compression

eves again, and he thought how she must love

of his lips.
"You are not going to be angry with me for

"You are not going to be angry with me for telling you, Guardy, are you?"
She laid her hand impulsively on his arm.
"Angry with you, my—Jocelyne?" and he accompanied the words with a glance of reproof into the pleading, pitiful eyes. "Never angry with you, little girl—I was fearing perhaps if I said just what I thought, you might be angry

with me."
"Oh, no, indeed! I want you to tell me just what I ought to do, Guardy, and I will obey

Tell her what she ought to do! And she would obey him! If he only dare tell her to forget Kenneth Richmond, and come to him for

his very own love forever!
But, that was the prompting of selfishness, so
Mr. Ithamar did not say it. Instead, he led
Jocelyne gravely to a chair, and seated himself
beside her.

beside her.

"I promised to advise you to the best of my ability," he said, very gently, very kindly, "and I will tell you, frankly, that I am not surprised to read this letter, because I have always entertained strange misgivings regarding Mr. Richmond, which I hesitated not only to speak to you about knowing you loved him so, but to accept myself, because I really had no tangible, reasonable excuse for my impressions. I have felt, rather than known, Jocelyne, that there was something in Mr. Richmond's character that was not in accord with the purity of your own. I have been tormented with doubts and fears that you would some day be disappointed in him, but I tried for the sake of your love for him to regard these feelings as impossible chimeras, and had endeavored to satisfy myself that it was only my jealous care for your good that prompted them. I see now, my instincts were correct. Yet, Jocelyne, if you love him still, and you admitted that a few minutes ago—if you love him, your woman's heart will find excuse for this breach of fidelity, I suppose."

Jocelyne's eyes gazed steadfastly into the fire. "I have always thought and felt that a true woman's love should remain steadfast and loyal under all circumstances—in tribulation, or in shame, in sorrow, or in happiness."

She said the words in a low, gentle voice that went straight to his heart.

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It remains for you to decide your own destiny." "I promised to advise you to the best of my

"And you are a true woman, little girl! It emains for you to decide your own destiny." He had arisen, and was standing before her,

his face so eloquent with grave misery, when Pauline rapped lightly at the door.

"If you please, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Richmond wishes you in the drawing-room immediately, if convenient!" convenient!"

Jocelyne glanced up in Mr. Ithamar's eyes,
that smiled cheerfully, encouragingly in her

pale, wild face.

He stooped and touched her chilly forehead with his lips, as he passed out.

"Be true to yourself, Jocelyne. Follow the dictates of your heart, and all will be well."

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW. THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

The consternation of Kenneth Richmond upon discovering that he had lost the letter which he had prided himself no one would ever know he possessed, much less Jocelyne Merle, can well be imagined—better imagined than described. He did not miss it from his pocket that night of his return from Westwood, but almost the first thing in the morning he made the discovery, to his horror, fear and chagrin.

His first impulse was to tell Sainty, but a second thought of the sarcastic smile and quiet scorn he would have to endure hastily decided him to keep his own counsel.

scorn he would have to endure hastily decided him to keep his own counsel.

His next decision was to pay no attention to it. He found the envelope safely enough in his pocket, and until he recalled the contents of the letter, word for word, with a memory sharpened by the peculiarity of the circumstances, he thought there was nothing to condemn him in the letter, as no names were used. But, in recalling sentence after sentence, he realized there was sufficient to brand him disloyal to this fair, neerless girl, whom he had never loved so well peerless girl, whom he had never loved so well as at this time, when he feared ske was lost to

Then he resolved to ride over to Westwood, with bold front, and ascertain how the land lay. He could tell by Jocelyne's demeanor to him whether or not she had seen or knew of the letter, and if she had not, he was ready with a plausible invention that would make her deny the exidence it contained if it should come to her.

the evidence it contained if it should come to her later, through a servant's hand.

His feelings were not particularly enviable as he rode over from Sunset Hill, but he kept stub-

he rode over from Sunset Hill, but he kept stub-bornly on, desperately resolved to make his very boldness conquer Fate, in case Jocelyne had seen the indubitable proof of his falsity.

He had given his horse to a groom, and sent up his message to Jocelyne and was standing impatiently by the window, in a fever of in-ward excitement, when he heard her light foot-fell exception the room foward him

fall crossing the room toward him.

He turned eagerly to greet her, but was petrified to speechlessness at sight of her wan face, in such vivid contrast to the fire in her dark Her voice, sweet, gracious as usual, broke

Her voice, sweet, gracious as usual, broke the embarrassment he was beginning to feel; "Mr. Richmond, good-morning!" And then, despite the sweetness, the gracious-ness, the well-bred courtesy of her tone and manner, he knew she knew the worst. The critical moment was at hand, and nothing remained but to do as he had desperately vowed he would do—put on a bold front and be governed by circumstances in his method of undoing the ill.

doing the ill.

So, he went up to her, with outstretched hand, eagerly, yet with the appealing air of a man who is conscious of having given offense.

"'Mr. Richmond!' Jocelyne, I was correct in my conjecture, then, that you were very angry with me. You are angry, or you never would meet me on my hurried errand for pardon with such a chilling address."

Jocelyne listened gravely, but he saw how the smoldering fires in her eyes were kindling.

"I am not at all angry, Mr. Richmond, but it is useless for me to say I was not very annoyed and mortified and insulted when I found this ed and mortified and insulted when I found this letter in the chair you had occupied. Of course, Mr. Richmond, you can have no choice between —between the writer of this and myself."

She spoke coldly, though with strict courtesy and patience.
Richmond's face grew livid with the hopeless

ness her quiet words suggested.
"Jocelyne! You do not mean to say He could not speak the words he dreaded. She went on, in her low, cold tone, that grew higher and a little more excited as she pro-

"If you mean, Mr. Richmond, that on the strength of that letter to you, from a young lady, who evidently regards you very warmly, and for reasons you have doubtless given herif you mean on the strength of that letter I consider myself justified in breaking my engagement with you—that is what I intend you to understand. Do you suppose, for one moment, I would marry a man who was capable of the gross indelicacy and wickedness of professing affection for two women at once?"

Her dark eyes were shooting anger now, and the deathly pallor on her face was yielding to a warm flush, and as she spoke she shrunk further away from him, as though he were an incarnate plague.

He looked at her, with his face darkening with

t—marry him when he—loves—some one else.

i. Guardy!"

The hot tears came springing to her woful You do your guardian credit, Jocelyne, in that

Her hips curied with a sneer sne tried to repress.

"Mr. Ithamar's counsel is never to be questioned. He thinks with me that only a person
of very questionable principles would be guilty
of the act you have committed."

Richmond was hoarse with passion as he answered. He had only put his previous hint to
her as a feeler to ascertain if Mr. Ithamar was
in possession of the facts.

"Then he knows of it, does he? And he

Her indignant face, as much as her authoritative voice, interrupted him.

"Stop! I will listen to no discourtesy toward the best, dearest friend I have in the

Richmond sneered.

"Doubtless the 'dearest friend,' and ambitious for promotion! But if he has attempted to interfere between you and I, I tell you, fairly, Jocelyne, he will curse the day, as I curse him for his base treachery in—"

She looked him full in the eyes a second, and

She looked him full in the eyes a second, and it seemed as if the grand contempt, the noble superiority of the girl would pierce him through. He felt his great inferiority, his vileness, the impurity of his long career of sin, as he never had imagined he could; and his eyes went down before the steady purity of light that glanced lambently in her own. He was angered and humbled at the same time, and Jocelyne saw on his face the deathly pallor, and in his unaturally bright eyes the luster of his rage.

"Jocelyne"—and he stepped nearer her, and his voice was low and husky with suppressed passion—"I rode over from Summer Hill this morning to go down on my knees before you, She looked him full in the eyes a second, and

passion— Trote over from summer first time to go down on my knees before you, and implore you to forgive and overlook this first, only error I have committed against you. I came humbly, heart-crushed, expecting to find you indignant, and prepared to atone, by any means in my power. But I find there has been interference, no Localyne Lshall not best find you indignant, and prepared to atone, by any means in my power. But I find there has been interference—no, Jocelyne, I shall not hesitate to say what I have to say—I find there has been interference between us by your guardian, who is only too glad of an opportunity to set me adrift; because, Jocelyne, he worships you madly, and were you any other than—"

A hot crimson stain surged over her face, and she lifted her haughty little head with the air of a queen who demands silence.

"I certainly shall not listen to another word. I have no wish to quarrel with you; indeed,

have no wish to quarrel with you; indeed, regret there has been any unkind words

spoken." Richmond took her words, her manner, which had changed to a sorrowing sadness, literally. He spring toward her, his own countenance wearing the look of a man who, while he appreciates the desperate hopelessness of his condition, is equally desperate in the determination to leave no stone unturned to secure a possible to leave no stone unturned to secure a possible

Now, Richmond drooped his head, and his

Now, Richmond drooped his head, and his voice was intense with pleading.

"I deserve me reproof, more unkind words than you ever could speak, Jocelyne! I deserve your contempt, your anger, your coldness. I will confess my folly, my accursed folly. I swear it was no more! and beg you to forgive me, this once—only this once, Jecelyne! I have never offended you before; I never will again! I assure you this that angers you so is only a passing folly." passing folly."

He was terribly in earnest; but Jocelyne met

him with nothing beyond calm, sweet

ness. "I do not look upon it in that light. To me it is proof conclusive of your innate falsity and

"You are hard, awfully hard on me, Jocelyne! "You are hard, awfully hard on me, Jocelyne! Can you not comprehend that I am suffering enough, not to add your icy reproofs to my own reproachings? You will not understand that it is the first time I ever sinned against you in thought or word, and I swear it shall be the last. I am humble and penitent, and surely my suffering should atone for my error. Jocelyne, you must, you shall forgive me!"

He was the very picture of desperate pleading, as he stood before her, with his pale face convulsed with alarm and fear that this prize was lost to him; and Jocelyne's gentle heart was moved to pity by his drooping head and clenched hands. Her face, that had been stern, grew pitying, and she spoke very gently to him.

"I will forgive you, freely, for, after all, the sin is more against yourself than me." She extended her hand, not warmly, but as if sirous of assuring him she hone

what she said.

He looked up, as he grasped it, with a rising tide of triumph in his eyesthat her own sorrowful, downcast glance did not see.

"Jocelyne! Jocelyne! God bless you for your angelic pity and pardon! You have made me the heaving tran in the world." happiest man in the world. He raised her hand to

He raised her hand to his lips, and as he spoke, his voice was tremulous with ill-subdued delight.

Jocelyne drew her hand hastily back. "Please do not, Mr. Richmond."

He looked reproachfully at her.
"I thought you had forgiven me, Jocelyne!
Add to your mercy, and tell me once, only
once, that you love me as before, Jocelyne!" He looked down in her pure, pale face, that howed so plainly the traces of the storm that showed so planly the traces of the storm that had swept so roughly over her, his eyes full of eager passion. Her lovely red lips trembled, and her white drooping lids quivered as she felt his glance; then she looked up, gravely.

"I cannot say so, ever again, Mr. Richmond, because it would not be true."

His face darkened suddenly.

"Your forgiveness is a strange thing. Icon.

"Your forgiveness is a strange thing, Jocelyne! After all, this one misstep of mine has taught you to hate me?"

Oh, no. Mr. Richmond, I do not hate you.

"Oh, no, Mr. Richmond, I do not hate you," she answered, in her sweet, pitying voice, and lifting her sad, grand eyes to his; "I do not hate you, but I must tell you the truth, and that is, I do not love you—indeed, I am afraid I never have loved you. It is a dreadful thing to confess," she went on, sadly, with her eyes full of tears that stood, a bright mist on her dark lashes, while the faint color alternated on her cheeks with her deathly paleness; "I feel sure I have been mistaken in my feelings." feel sure I have been mistaken in my feelings toward you. Even before this, I have felt a vague unrest, a strange misgiving concerning our happiness, that has come to complete know-ledge now. Mr. Richmond, I do not love you." She spoke as if every word hurt her in the utterance, yet with a frankness that attested their truthfulness. Richmond listened wrathfully.

"And for the sake of this romantic feeling you entertained in common with all other girls, added to this wretched little nonsensical affair, you cancel your engagement with me, without a thought of how I am affected by your deliberate would rule."

ate cruelty!"
Her face crimsoned under his savage tones.
"I must keep faith with myself, Mr. Richmond. I would never marry a man in whom I did not have perfect trust and confidence,

and—"
He interrupted her, sharply, bitterly.
"In a word, as you feel toward Mr. Itha—"
Her face fairly blanched under his fierce, glare, but she met him with the refined courtesy that never failed her.
"I am tired of discussion, Mr. Richmond. Were we to talk all day we never would better understand ourselves than now. I have said our engagement is at an end and you will understand ourselves than now. I have said our engagement is at an end, and you will please regard my decision final."
Her gentle dignity, her imperious graciousness, was not without its effect upon him. He regarded her a moment in a silence whose temperature.

garded her a moment in a silence whose tem-st of emotion would have been difficult to ana-

you so ably recite what have doubtless been his instructions."

Her lips curled with a sneer she tried to re-

cushions.

"I have done what he told me; I was true to my own heart! I never loved Mr. Richmond—I know it now, and I love fuardy—I love him—I love him! And he only regards me as a child, and would despise me if he dreamed I dare be so presumptuous as to think of him! But I love him, and I never shall love any one else—and I never knew it till now—oh, Guardy!"

And her slight frame trembled like an aspen as she knelt there, fully conscious of the great truth, the great presumption of the truth that brought her, in her sweet humility and unself-ishness, no promise of happiness.

CHAPTER XV.

shness, no promise of happiness.

A MAN'S SCORN AND A VILLAIN'S OATH. A MAN'S SCORN AND A VILLAIN'S OATH.

As Kenneth Richmond had said, he was impatient to see Mr. Ithamar, and endeavor to obtain the influence in his behalf he had not the slightest belief would be accorded, and yet, with the desperate pertinacity of a man whose dearest hopes and loftiest ambition are at stake, he was resolved to leave no task undone that might contribute to his success.

He had left Jocelyne, feeling that he must lose no time in seeing Mr. Ithamar, yet not knowing how to obtain an interview without an appearance of extreme awkwardness; and even in this strait, Kenneth Richmond was a man who remembered such things.

an appearance of extreme awwwatness, and man who remembered such things.

So he rode away, inwardly cursing the hour that had brought him such fearful luck, and recording desperate vows that Jocelyne should not be lost to him—Jocelyne, marriage with whom meant not the consummation of real love for her—real love so far as such a heart as his could entertain the emotion—but assured position, refreedom from harassing money embarrassments, and a grand good time generally.

His face was dark, his forehead frowning, and he had checked the speed of his horse, and was riding along with moody countenance and drooping head, when Mr. Ithamar addressed him, and Richmond looked up, surprised to see him, mounted, before him. Richmond reined in his horse, instantly.

"Mr. Ithamar, good-morning. I am glad to have met you—you may know I have just left Jocelyne."

Mr. Ithamar bowed gravely.

Mr. Itliamar bowed gravely.
"You were with Jocelyne when I left the

His voice was quiet, cold, and Richmond instantly recognized the distant courtesy.

"And you know why I was there, Mr. Ithamar—and because Jocelyne has seen fit in her pardonable anger and haste to declare our engagement void, I am glad to see you, and talk over the foolishly-unfortunate little affair."

He assumed an air of lightness he was far from feeling, a manner far removed from Mr. Ithamar's grave earnestness, as he replied:

"I cannot see of what use it will be for you to see me, although I will at the first confess my opinion that the cause of Jocelyne's 'pardonable anger' is not, in my estimation, a foolishly-unfortunate affair."

Richmond's heart sunk at the gravity of the

Richmond's heart sunk at the gravity of the

words.

"But what would you call it, then, Ithamar.
Surely, you, a man of the world, cannot be sentimentally romantic enough to make a bugbear of such a silly trifle as a letter written to a fel-

ow?"

"As your opinion goes, Mr. Richmond, I am not a man of the world—at least not such a man of the world as to pass lightly over the breach of faith and honor of which you have been guilty oward my ward."

Richmond felt in his very soul that scarcely hear of a character remained to him, and in

the ghost of a chance remained to him, and, in proportion as his hopes faded, his energy to win

against them increased.

He was holding his horse in with strong hands, while the glossy, beautiful creature pawed haughtly, impatiently; his face was pale, his eyes full of that earnestness that comes to

his eyes full of that earnestness that comes to one's eyes in moments of such desperation of struggle as had come to him.

"What can I say, what must I do? Ithamar, I have been foolish, accursedly foolish, and to you, a fellow-man, I will not attempt to deny it. Why should I, not only when you have the proof, but when you, as a man, must under tand and appreciate that—"

Mr. Ithamar looked at him with a little flash in his own eyes.
"Allow me to interrupt, Mr. Richmond—I

Richmond winced under the coldly-keen "You know I am no worse than other men-that not one out of a thousand would have act-ed differently. I was thrown into temptation, and, in answer to that letter, I intended, in hon-

The sharp scorn brought a red flush to Rich-

"I am no more than other men—indeed, I am not so reprehensible, for I admit my folly, and confess to you and Jocelyne my sorrow and remorse, and swear the like shall never happen again. Heaven and earth, I thamar, what more an I do? I am not used to suing for any one's pardon, but, because I love Jocelyne, and want your forgiveness and influence to induce ner to forgive me, and your promise to over-ook it, this one, only error of which I have ever been guilty toward you."

His words were ardent, eager, but, for all, there was almost a sullen defiance back of them, that did not decrease when he heard Mr. Ithamar's answer, in a troubled, yet decisive voice:

"You need ask no forgiveness of me, Mr. Richmond, for you have not sinned against me. But, for Jocelyne's sake, I cannot promise to overlook or disregard any wrong you have done her—and you have done her a great wrong."

her—and you have done her a great wrong—a great wrong."

"And you will condemn me and blast all my happiness, all my hopes, for that one single wrong? Ithamar, if you were not the cruel, icy-hearted man you are you could never talk to me as you do! If you were not unlike every other human you would pass it over, and give me another chance to retrieve myself in your and her favor. Good God! when I think what a time you are making over such a trivial thing I am inclined to think you are insane."

Mr. Ithamar looked steadily at him while he spoke, in eager, angry impassionedness:

spoke, in eager, angry impassionedness:
"Mr. Richmond, I hardly think you could retrieve yourself in my estimation. I will tell you now what I have always thought—that you are not the man to whom any young girl could safely intrust her happiness. I have always re-gretted that Jocelyne loved you, but for her sake I never gave expression to my intuitions that have at last been verified. I am grieved to have to say this, because I—"

Richmond felt as if he had come suddenly to

the end of his tether, and a great, surging fury and jealousy and disappointment came in a torrent of bitter words; his face reddened with

torrent of bitter words; his face reddened with passion, and he forgot himself, and the prudent caution he had sworn to preserve.

"You are grieved—dreadfully grieved, beyond the shadow of a doubt! Do you suppose I do not understand the whole affair? Do you think I do not know, well enough, that this otherwise uselessly valueless letter has been made to serve your own end—that you and Jocelyne have determined to throw me over, so that you can marry her your—" that you can marry her your—"
Mr. Ithamar never moved his stern, terrible glance from Richmond's fury-inflamed face.
"Was I not right when I said you were unfit!

to take any woman's love into your keeping?"
"You are pleased to attempt sarcasm—all the same, you need not think I do not know your Then he bowed.

"I beg permission to consult with your guardian before I regard our engagement at an end. Good-morning."

He went away, keeping up the appearance of determination to the very end.

And Jocelyne walked to the door and felt for the knob through her tear-dim eyes, and went

'Mr. Richmond, I did not intend to tell you if Miss Merle has nullified her engagement with you, I heartily indorse it. She is my ward, according to law, and according to the dying request of her father, who was my dearest friend, and I should be false and cruel to stand by and see her deliberately ruin her young life by marand I should be false and cruel to stand by and see her deliberately ruin her young life by marrying you. More, even if Miss Merle had signified her intention of passing over your disloyal treachery, I should feel constrained, after this interview, to advise her, with every argument at my command, to reconsider her decision. Therefore you can see, sir, that between Sunset Hill and Westwood there need be no further communication."

ther communication."

He was every inch the man, the master, as he bowed courteously and rode off, leaving Richmond in a perfect white heat of fury, as he gazed after him, with bloodshot eyes and ghast-

"Kicked out like a dog! No further communication between Sunset Hill and Westwood! Every hope I had builded on is torn away; every plan on which I had depended, as a last resource, vanished! Jocelyne!—my God, I never knew how I loved her—Jocelyne lost to me!"

knew how I loved her—Jocelyne lost to me!"
He sat so still several moments that he might have been petrified for all the signs of life he gave. Then, with a long, deep breath, he pulled the rein of his horse and galloped to Sunset Hill, with one hissing curse on his white lips.
"If heaven or hell or earth can combine to make him rue this day, he shall rue it—rue it till he will wish he had never been born! I swear it."

(To be continued-commenced in No. 372.)

THOUGHTS.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

I sit alone, and the chiming bells
Of my native heath come seft and low,
And kind fancy pictures fairy dells,
That oft knew my footsteps long ago;
And the old church where the try clung.
How its spire glinted the trees among!
Bathed in the sunset's mellow see,
Soft as the light of memory.

The brooklet romp'd on its bed of sand,
And merrily jushed its way along,
Anon, as some rock caused it to stand,
Hushed for a moment its happy song,
Then, white with anger, it rises slow,
I'll on either side its wavelets flow;
The waters meet and softly glide,
Glad again on the other side.

My boyhood days in contentment's glow,
Like the stream pass'd with a happy song,
If some rock disturbed their tranquil flow,
'Twere quick forget as they went along.
Ah! but happy days are still the stream's,
Such days as to me come but in dreams,
My tide of life as on it flows,
Meets rocks the laughing blook ne'er knows.

Are thickly peopled with forms I knew,
And I live again at each twilight.
Sweet days such as none are liken to.
But with the mists of the night they go.
The church the brooklet's murmuring flow,
The friend's I loved in other days,
Fade slowly from my eager gaze.

The Cretan Rover;

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL. A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXIII. A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

THROUGH the deserted streets of Rhithymnas Paul Malvern wound his way, searching eager-y, according to the directions given him by the etan Anthropon, for a hostelry where he could

After a long and dreary search he found the khan,* a rambling half-ruined old structure, as are most of the houses in Crete.

As he rapped for admittance the moonlight was just paling beneath the approach of day, and the distant cone of Mount Ida rose grim and spectral in the distance.

He was at once admitted, and a piece of gold.

He was at once admitted, and a piece of gold ecured him good accommodations, notwith-tanding his humble attire.

standing his humble attire.

Worn out by his long walk and the suspense he had undergone, Paul at once threw himself down to rest upon a raised dais, softly cushioned, that occupied a corner of the room.

When he awoke it was creeping on toward noonday, and hastily summoning his landlord, he sent him out to purchase for him the attire of a European trayler.

European travele.

This he soon rigged himself out in, and, after a hearty breakfast, sauntered forth to see if he ould make any discoveries regarding the cap-ive maidens or of Julian Delos.

A walk of half an hour brought him in front

of an imposing edifice, the residence of the kaimakan, or governor, Khalim Bey.

As he stood gazing upon the busy scene in front of the mansion, for soldiers and officers were upon every hand, a man of splendid ap pearance, and brilliantly uniformed, came out of the mansion, and sprung upon a richly capa-risoned steed, held for him by an aide-de-camp. At a glance Paul recognized him as the cap-tor of Kaloolah and Zuleikah, and sorely was he tempted to hurl himself upon him; but discre-tion he felt alone would aid him, and he con-tented himself with flercely gazing after the de-parting Al Sirat Pasha, who drew rein a short distance off, and halted an arabaht that was ap-

Behind it came another vehicle, and upon ther side walked several Ethiopian slaves.
Al Sirat Pasha detained the vehicles but an instant, and then rode on, while the party, continuing their way, came directly by where Paul

was standing.

One glance into the arabah in front, and Paul Malvern beheld two female forms, which he recognized, in spite of the heavy vails that en-

recognized, in sphe of the leavy value that the recognized them from head to foot.

Instantly he had the presence of mind to turn away, for, had he been recognized he well knew the result, for in the leading vehicle sat Kaloolah and Zuleikah, their heads bowed down in The second arabah contained a quantity of aggage and one form—that of old Eldrene, the

This discovery momentarily stunned Paul, or he had left her, shrieking for aid, weeks ago, upon the banks of the Bosphorus, when he had o daringly rescued Zuleikah from the harem of

Al Sirat.

Her presence there in Rhithymnas proved that she had sought her master, and in some way held his confidence, for the maiden captives were evidently under her control.

Watching the vehicles and their Ethiopian guards, Paul saw them continue on down to the fort, as though to embark.

Instantly he followed, and arrived in time to see the party cet into a large enime and row. see the party get into a large caique, and row but to a vessel, which, with flapping sails, seem-ed awaiting their arrival.

In some way he decided to attract the attention of the maidens, if he could do so with safety to himself, that they might know he had not deserted them; so he at once sprung into a small caique, that contained a single oarsman, and bade him row him slowly around the ves-

sel, which was a large-sized tartan.

The boatman obeyed, and as the caique passed under the stern of the vessel, a fair face suddeny gazed out of the port-light, as if longingly looking back to her native land.

* A tavern-also called a serais. † A painted cart, drawn by oxen or buffaloes.

The face of Kaloolah.

A motion of Paul attracted her attention, and for an instant he believed she was going to swoon away; but she quickly recovered herself, waved her hand, and disappeared from the stern-

An instant after two sad, pale faces filled the aperture, and Paul Malvern was face to face with Kaloolah and Zuleikah.

with Kaloolah and Zuleikah.

"Keep up good heart; we are on your track. Whither bound?" he asked in French, which he knew Zuleikah understood.

"To Istamboul—to the harem of Al Sirat."
It was all that Zuleikah could say, and her voice was choked with emotion.

The next moment a black face peered above the shoulders of the maidens. It was Eldrene, the Ethiopian

the Ethiopian.
Paul caught the evil glare of her eyes, the glitter of her white teeth, and knew that he was

"Pull for the shore! For your life, pull! The boatman sent the caique flying over the waters, and throwing him his reward Paul sprung on shore.

As he did so he glanced back toward the tar-

tan. Eldrene, the negress, was on deck, talking excitedly to an officer, and pointing shoreward. Hastily he walked along, and coming to a bazaar sought shelter within upon the plea of mak-

ing some purchases.

An hour after, with his arms filled with bundles of goods he had bought, he issued forth, and glanced out upon the port. The tartan was a league away, flying seaward under a heavy

"Thank God! they are for the present safe.
Al Sirat remains here. Now to rescue poor Delos, if he is yet alive. So muttering Paul walked rapidly on toward the khan where he was stopping, and depositing his burdens again sauntered forth in search of news regarding Julian Delos.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TALISMAN.

CAUTIOUS but diligent inquiry discovered to Paul Malvern that Julian Delos lay a prisoner in the fortress of Rhithymnas—that he had been recognized by some Turk, who had met him abroad, as the exiled Cretan, and was to be almost immediately put to death.

This was terrible news to Paul; but his intrepid nature never faltered; he would rescue his friend or perish with him.

But, insurmountable objects seemed to confront him; how was he to overcome them?

Long he lay meditating and endeavoring to decide upon some plan of action; but, the more he thought the more puzzled and worried he became.

Then, when he had worked himself into a fe-ver of excitement, his eyes fell upon the signet ring he wore. In an instant he was on his feet; his face

In an instant he was on his feet; his face flushed, his eyes flashing.

"Ha! I have it! I will go at once to the commandant of the fortress and demand his release. No, I will seek Al Sirat himself."

His plan of action was soon formed. He again called upon his host.

"Go out and purchase for me a suit worthy of a Turkish lord; here is gold."

The host disappeared, and an hour after Paul Malvern issued from the khan attired magnificently as a Turkish noble.

Wending his way to the mansion of Al Sirat he saluted the Moslem sentinel and demanded an audience with the pasha.

he saluted the Moslem sentinel and demanded an audience with the pasha.

"His highness, the pasha, is engaged, my lord," said the soldier, politely.

"Still I would see him; I have important business with him," firmly responded Paul.

The sentinel called to an aide-de-camp, who, learning Paul's desire, at once departed; but he

learning Paul's desire, at once departed; but he returned soon after with the remark:

"The slippers of his highness are at the door of the harem; I cannot now intrude. My lord must enter the ante-room and wait the pasha's Paul knew it was useless to urge further, so

Yet he was surprised to learn that Al Sirat had a harem in Crete. He had imagined that, being in service in the field, he would have his wives and favorites at his kiask in Constantinople. He was more than delighted to feel that Kaloolah and Zuleikah had been sent away from Phithranes.

Rhithymnas.

For a long time he awaited—until the hour was getting late, and then the aide showed him to the presence of the pasha.

Al Sirat half-reclined upon velvet cushions in

a sumptuously-furnished room, and he was idly smoking a scented chibouque, while a silver tray, containing quince preserves, sweet rolls and wine, stood in front of him.

"You would see me, signor?" and Al Sirat turned his piercing eyes upon the supposed Turk

"Yes, your highness—and alone."
All Turks are suspicious, and Al Sirat was especially so, when he marked the accent with which Paul spoke the Moslem tongue.
But he drew his scimitar, as if by accident,

round, ready for his grasp, and motioned to he aide-de-camp and Ethiopian slave in waiting Choking back his antipathy to telling a false-nood, and settling his conscience with the hought that the circumstances of the case re-

no held honor lightly, Paul Malvern said in "I would inform you, pasha, that you have overstepped your authority."
In an instant the Turk was on his feet, his eyes ablaze, his white teeth glittering.

'And who are you, that dare thus address Al 'I am one who has authority, or I would not

be so foolish as to thus beard a hon in his den,"
coolly replied the American.
The Turk gazed with increased amazement
upon the man before him. Who could he be?
"You are no Turk, signor?" he asked, after "By birth, no; yet I speak from the sultan when I repeat you have gone beyond your au-

In what way—to what do you refer?" asked the Turk, savagely.
"You hold as a prisoner one Julian Delos?"
"I do; he is an exile from Crete, as was his

father before him; he has returned and must How know you that he is not here on secret service for his majesty the sultan, whom may Allah preserve in sovereignty many long years?" "Bah! he came here to aid the Cretan rebels." "How know you that, my lord?" "He was captured in peasant's attire only.

vesterday; he was a spy."
''You mistake. Could he not be secretly servng his majesty the sultan, and causing the Creans to believe him true to their cause

"It is not like him, from all accounts,"

"Still, might not such be the case? might he not be laying some deep plan to entrap General Aztec, for which he would receive high office in the sultan's service?"

"Bring me proof of this, and he is free," and the Turk smiled grimly, as though he believed such proof not in existence. Paul made no reply, but advanced toward Al Sirat, his left hand outstretched, the broad face of the ring turned toward the eyes of the Turk.

Al Sirat glanced searchingly at the signet, and seemed half-inclined to bend low in obeisance to he wearer; but, he said cautiously first:

"Let me look within the golden circle signed."

Let me look within the golden circle, sig-Paul instantly handed the ring, and Al Sirat taking it, read aloud, in the Turkish tongue, what was therein engraven:

"OBEY! ABDUL-AZIZ."
Then the Turk bent his haughty form low be-

*When the slippers of a Turk are at the outer door of his harem, it is a sign that he would be un-disturbed, and no servitor dare intrude upon him under penalty of severe punishment.

The face was pale, haggard and sad-looking fore his visitor, while he said with great re-

spect:

"Your highness' words are my law; the Cretan shall be at once released. Sent his majesty, the sultan, no word to me?"

"You forget that I came hither on secret service. My presence here is to remain unknown. I betrayed myself to you to save the life of one of his majesty's faithful subjects, whom you had sentenced to death. At the time of the capture of the Signor Delos I could have saved him; but I cared not to make my power known.

"My lord, send an aide and have the Cretan prisoner brought hither."

The manner of Al Sirat was now wholly changed. He who wore the secret signet of the sultan was next to his august majesty; but, why a confessed foreigner should be thus honored by the confidence of the Turkish ruler, the pasha could not melerate and

ould not understand. could not understand.

Still, he felt no doubt but that the story told him by Paul was wholly true, and touching a bell he called an awaiting aide-de-camp.

Going to a table, on which stood writing materials, Al Sirat wrote a few lines, affixed his private seal, and gave it to the officer, with a leave instructions.

ew instructions.

Then he called to a slave to bring refresh-nents and a fresh chibouque, and, begging Paul be be seated upon a divan of silk, he ordered laced before him sherbet, sweets, fruits and

Paul sat down and seemed to enjoy the repast, while he puffed away at his pipe with an air of uxurious indolence, and thoroughly a la

Turque.

Thus some time passed, Al Sirat endeavoring, by cunning, yet polite endeavors, to ascertain what circumstance had brought the American to Turkey, and to adopt the creed of the Moslem; but Paul, without appearing so to do, evaded all questioning, and drew the conversation upon the revolution then waged in the island of Crete.

The spectingly Al Sirat let out the number

and of Crete.

Unsuspectingly Al Sirat let out the number of Turkish troops then in the field, and his ideas of the Cretan soldiers then under arms, with other information which Paul was delighted to

obtain.

At length steps were heard approaching, and the aide de camp entered, walking by the side of Julian Delos.

Now was a critical moment for Paul Malvern—nay, for both, as he feared that some sudden surprise or word of Julian might betray him.

"Signor, his lordship has seen fit to order your release," and Paul spoke in a strangely warning tone.

your release," and raul spoke in a stranger, warning tone.

Julian Delos could hardly restrain a start of amazement, when he beheld, in one whom he had merely glanced at, and believed a Turkish noble, none other than his friend, Paul Malvern.

But, his nerve did not desert him, and feeling assured that the secret signet had been the talisman, he rejoined quietly:
"I felt that my freedom would come when it

His words were strangely apropos, and Al Sirat at once made a few remarks about his being delighted at the happy termination of affairs, and begged Julian to join them in wine and refreshments.

But Paul was anxious to get away, as some infortunate remark might betray them, and said, hastily:
"Your highness is very kind; but we now have an all-important and secret duty to per-form—one that has been delayed by the capture

form—one that has been delayed by the capture of the signor here. Perhaps soon, your highness, we may have to call upon you for aid in an affair we have on hand."

"And gladly will I respond."

"I feel that you will. Now we will bid your highness good-evening."

As Paul spoke he bowed to Al Sirat, and his example was followed by Julian, while the pasha conducted them to the outer door of his mansion.

Once in the street Paul seized Julian by the arm and hastened him rapidly along in the di-rection of the khan where he had his quarters.

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIAN GAINS AN ALLY. "Well, Malvern, what does all this mean?" cried Julian, as soon as he entered Paul's room, at the same time throwing himself down upon he cushioned dais.

the cushioned data.
"Hush! walls have ears—especially Turkish walls," and then, in a whisper, Paul continued:
"It means that you got captured, were recognized as the exile Delos, and were brought to Rhithymnas, where, sentenced by Al Sirat, you were to die to-morrow at sunrise—or to-day, for it is now past midnight. It means that I came hither—some time I

will tell you how; saw Zuleikah and Kaloolah, under the guardianship of that old ebony Witch of Endor, embark for Constantinople, en route Al Sirat's harem on the Bosphorus; and that then masqueraded as a Turkish noble, sought he pasha, and proving to him that I was on secret service, by discovering the signet, gained your release, though I had to tell him you had proven traitor to Crete, and were in the service "I cannot condemn you, for you have acted with such daring strategy; but you say that Kaloolah and Zuleikah have gone to Constanti-

Yes, whither we start this night. Come; my host had orders to get us berths on a coaster that sails with the midnight breeze. Are you

The question was useless; Julian was at once puired it, and that he was dealing with a man on his feet.

"Here, don this sailor's garb; we are sailors now," and Paul, in high spirits, pointed to a bundle of clothing, which he had ordered the landlord to purchase for him, and in a short while the two friends were dressed as Greek

> The host was then called, his bill most liberal-y paid, with a fee for his personal services, and n admonition to say nothing of his guests' ar-Then the two friends sauntered leisurely from the khan, and soon found themselves down at the port, where Paul led the way toward a land-ing to which he had been directed by the land-

Here a boat, with a single oarsman

Here a boat, with a single oarsman, awaited them, and five minutes after they stood on the deck of a small, lubberly craft, that at once spread its dark sails and sped away, shaping her course up the Archipelago.

Though their quarters were most humble, the craft awkward and slow, and their companions rude sailors, Paul and Julian did not complain; they had escared with their lives and they falt

they had escaped with their lives, and they felt that Zuleikah and Kaloolah were, for the present, safe; the only thing that fretted them was the lack of speed in the little craft.

Slowly the days and nights dragged their weary length along, and at last the little vessel dropped anchor in the port of Mitylene, in the island of the same name.

Onickly the two natriots went ashore also.

in the island of the same name.

Quickly the two patriots went ashore, although it was late at night, gladly bidding adieu to their companions on the vessel.

As they walked along the streets of the town, seeking a khan for shelter, they came upon an animated scene—half a dozen drunken pon an animated scene—half a dozen drunken amen dragging a huge Ethiopian viciously long, and at the same time striking him with o light hand, in spite of his cries for mercy. At any other time Paul and Julian would illingly have gone to the rescue of the un-ortunate black, for they felt that he might fare

badly in the hands of the drunken sailors; but they sought to avoid attention to themselves, when the Ethiopian again called out for mercy. Something in the tones of his voice at once struck Julian Delos, and he called out, sharply:

"Mesrak!"
"Mashallah! Oh, signor!" cried the slave, and instantly Julian rushed upon the party, followed by Paul. It was the work of an instant to hurl the seamen back, and rescue from them the black, while Julian said, sternly, speaking in the Asiatic tongue, for he recognized the nationality

"What means this? Quick, to your vessel, or I will have you taken at once before the sheik."

away.
"Well, Mesrak, how is it I find you her?"
and Julian drew the slave into the light of a cafe window. "Signor, I am here on my way back to Constantinople, and I owe you my life," humbly said the slave.

Did my lieutenant give you the gold I prom-

"He did, signor; he gave me gold in plenty, and my freedom, as you promised; but I was returning to Istamboul, and the vessel touched here and I left her, as the seamen suspected me of having treasure; but they came ashore after me, and were dragging me again on board, where they would have robbed and killed me, bed you signor, ret prevented."

had you, signor, not prevented."
"Why do you return to Istamboul, Mes-"My mother is there, signor—she is yet a ave. I would have her with me." Julian was silent a moment, and then he

said:
"We are also returning to Istamboul, Mes-

"We are also returning to Istamboul, Mesrak; we leave here on the first vessel that clears for the Bosphorus. You shall go with us, and be my slave for the present. Serve me well, and I will give you ten times the gold I have already given you—ay, and I will bring you and your mother safely from the land of the Turk."

"My life is in your hands, signor; I will serve you," earnestly responded Mesrak, who was greatly delighted at his escape from the sailors, and felt that he could freely trust Julian, as he had kept his word to him in giving him his freedom and a belt full of gold.

A further search discovered a comfortable-looking khan, and the landlord was called up and quarters assigned to the travelers.

Two days in Mitylene and they took passage on a French schooner bound to Constantinople, and after a quick run the vessel dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and Paul Malvern and Julian Delos found themselves once more in the busy metropolis of the Turks, where a price was upon their heads, and peril would confront them at every turn.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

(To be continued—commenced in No. 370.)

UNCLE NED'S DEFENSE.

My bredren an' sistahs, I rise foh to 'splain Dis mattah dat you's talkin 'about—I hopes to make I's berry sorry dat de t'ing hab come befo' de Foh when I splains it you will see dat it am nuffin

My friends, your humble speakah, while trabblin' here below, Hab nebber cared to hoard up gold an' silver foh to We's only stoppin' here a spell; we all hab got to An' so I always tries to lay my treasahs up on high.

Dar's jest one t'ing dat pesters me, an' dat am dis, De ravens fed old 'Lijah, but de critters won't feed Dey's got above dar business, an' jest goes swoop-

An' nebber turns to look at me a waitin' on de I waited mighty sartain like; my faith was pow'ful I reckoned dat dem pesky birds would shuahly be

But, oh! my frien'ly hearahs, my faith it cotched a De aggravatin' fowls went by, an' nebber stopped at all.

De meal an' flou' was almos' gone, de pork bar'l gittin' low, An' so one day I 'cluded dat I had bettah go To Brudder Johnson's tater patch an' borrow jest a 'Twas evenin' 'fore I got to start, I had so much to

It happened dat de night was dark, but dat I didn't I knowed de way to dat ar patch, 'twas easy nuff to An' den I didn't car' to meet dat Johnson, for I knowed Dat he would sass me 'bout de mess ob 'taters dat I

I got de baskit full at las', an' tuk 'em on my back, An' den was gwine to tote 'em home, when some-thing went ker whack. I t'ought it was a cannon, but it jest turned out to Dat Johnson's ole hoss pistil a pointin' straight to

tried to argufy wid him; 1 'pologized a heap, But he said dat stealin' 'taters was mean as stealin Sheep.
Ob course I couldn't take dat ar, it had an ugly

De only ting foh me to do was jest to kneck him down.

My bredren an' sistahs, de story am all told (Of course I pounded Johnson till he yelled foh me to hold);
An' now I hopes you 'grees wid me dat dis yere case, an' such,
Am berry trifling mattahs to fotch befo' de chu'ch.

Silver Sam;

The Mystery of Deadwood City.

BY COLONEL DELLE SARA.

CHAPTER XLIII. THE BULLWHACKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

NEVER was there a girl more astonished! Dianora Campbell! And he had been the lover of her sister, too! What was the meaning of

No recent marriage, either, for the certificate was evidently old with age. Mercedes had not noticed the date, but it was clear to her that the marriage could not have transpired since the death of Juliet.

What manner of man, then, was this Montana—this Robert Peyton—for there was no doubt now that Montana was indeed Robert Peyton-to have two love affairs at the same time, and endeavor, too, now to secure her at fections, knowing full well that his own wife

Could it be possible that he was such a base

He certainly did not show it in his face. In utter perplexity Mercedes resumed her seat, her mind filled with vague and strange

The darker the clouds gathered about the head of Montana, the more she felt she loved him; it was a fatal passion: whither could it

lead but to sin and shame? Mercedes' meditations were rudely and abruptly interrupted, for the door opened sudd a frowsy, unkempt head, surmounted by a battered-up old silk hat, made its ap-

"Skin me fur a buffler-robe of this hyer ain't the very iden'ical shanty!" and then into the shop walked the Boss Bullwhacker of

Howdy? Reckon I see you, marm!" continued the giant, ducking his head in a sociable sort of way. "I specks you remember me; Bludsoe—Jimmus Bludsoe, own cousin to the ingineer of the Per-a-rie Belle, 'an' I'll keep her nozzle ag'in' the bank till the last galoot's ashore!' That's me, marm, that's my platform to a ha'r. Never say die as long as thar's a mule left that kin shake a leg! Say, mebbe you remember me a-tradin' with you for some cigars t'other day?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it," and she remempered perfectly well, too, the letter which she

had obtained from him. "Wa-al, you leetle she-woman, you've got town," the postmaster remarked. me into a heap of deficulty!" the giant gravely

"Durn my ole mule's left leg! ef 'tain't so! Mr. Bludsoe replied. "Mebbe you remember that I tried to git up a trade with you."

ne a reg'lar lighter instead."

neetin' is, w'ar is that air durned ole letter?" The letter-" said Mercedes, slowly, reluc- you show his private letter all over town

tant to yield her prize. day, an' as I sed, I pulled t'other one out o' my pocket up inter the saloon, an' that little beast of a Paddy whacker—that air Paddy Padd of a Paddywhacker—that air Paddy Pud, you know, the Irisher that pulls the reins over the express hack—durn the man wot drives hosses cuse me!" ejaculated the giant, suddenly, and when thar's good muels able to kick a fly offen their ears with their hind hoofs to be had! Wa-al! that little Irish galoot-I speak respect couldn't go sich nonsense—wa-al, the minit he see'd the letter, he jumped at me like a durned de bull-terrier, an' sed he, he sed, 'See hyer, byes, this is the baste that robs the mail, bad cess to him, Silver Sam!' As I sed afore, marm, I'm kinder partial to the Patlanders on

account of that cook with the red ha'r, an' so I didn't kill the little cuss, but jest slung him playfully through the winder—I calculate I'll owe ole Dick Skelly bout ten dollars fur that air glass that was smashed fur the next ten years, although I offered fur to go outside an' fight him like a man fur to see who should squar' the damage. Wa-al, the long an' the short of the matter is, that them air two leters were stolen outen the mail by this hyer Silver Samuel, whoever he is, durned ef I knew! an' they sw'ar that they'll hang me fur

nighway robbery of I don't bring them back. Mercedes produced the letter very reluctantly; she was loth to part with it, although it uld have puzzled her to have told what possible use it could be to her. She believed that Montana had written the lines, although he had disguised his hand so that it was almost impossible to recognize it;

out still it was just possible that he had not written the letter Then a bright idea occurred to the girl. "The letter was torn in two so I pasted it together," she said. "It is only written on

one side; it doesn't make any difference. "Oh, no, in course not."
"It is written by a Mr. Jabez Smith," she

had noticed it for the first time. "Was the other letter so signed?" 'No, marm, that ole store-keeper cuss, Tommy Black writ it.

"And does Mr. Smith claim this letter?" 'Smith! who in thunder's he?" "I don't know; don't you?"

"Smith, Smith!" muttered Bludsoe, reflec-vely "Unkimmon name! reckon I don't And who claims the letter, then?

know any Smith in Deadwood. "Why, the ole post-office galoot, Tommy

"And what right has he to another man's letter?" Mercedes questioned. "You see, the envelope is destroyed. If I were you I should not give the letter up except to Mr. Smith in

"Wa-al, now, that is kinder hoss-sense, isn't it?" remarked the bullwhacker, musing-

"Let Mr. Smith—there is his name plainly signed Jabez Z. Smith-let him come forward and claim his letter."

"Ke-rect, by thunder! an' when he does Durn my wagon-tops of I'm gwine to tote ary man's letters round in my pockets for nothin' I ain't a post-office, nor an express-hack, by a jugfull! Ef it hadn't 'a' bin fur that red-haired gal I'd eat that Paddywhack fur sarcin' me, though he smells strong enuff of whisky fur to answer fur a sign fur any distillery in the hull durned Illinois country. Wa-al, marm, I'm much obliged to you," and the bullwhacker opened the door to depart, when a sudden thought occurred to him. "Say, of this hyer mith stands the drinks I'll do what I kin fur you, seein' that you can't ring in; I'll come back an' toss up with you fur the hunk of tobacco that you've got in the hull durned shanty.'

And then the giant proceeded direct to the

Quite a little crowd were congreated in the store, it being the general lounging place of the town during the daytime. In marched the bullwhacker, the letter in

"Hyer I am, an' hyer's the 'pistle! Now, trot out Mister Jabez Z. Smith, an' lemme get a look at the animile!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHO IS SMITH? "Yes, sir-ee, now I'm talkin'! You hear me, pilgrims? Bludsoe am I, the Boss Bullwhacker of Shian, the long-horned, tough-wooled, cavortin, mountain sheep of the ole mountain range, baa-a! Whar is Smith—Ja-bez is the fore-front of his name, an' Z. is the mule-chain that j'ines the two together!" cried

the Pet of the Niobrara, vociferously.

The miners congregated in the post-office looked at each other; the name was not fa-

miliar to them "Smith," said one, reflectively. "Smith!" quoth old General Baltimore Bowie, who chanced to be present; "strange cognomen! Have we a Smith among us, fel-

"Heaps of 'em!" answered another free and independent voter.

"The woods air full of 'em!" suggested a

"But Jabez Z., that's the man I hunger for!" ared the bullwhacker, boister

"I don't know of any such man in the thing for you to do is to seal the letter up, address it to Mr. Smith, and put it in the postoffice here; then he will be sure to get it

"Oh, no, I guess not!" cried Mr. Bludsoe, winking mysteriously at the crowd. "This hyer letter is valuable, now, I tell yer! I kin "Yes, sir, I believe so." read, I kin, I reckon that I didn't go to school fur nothin' onc't! I was a member of the furst bout you women folk, anyway; but you can't society way back in ole Kentucky, now, I'm ahelp it; natur' fixed it; all you're fit fur is to tellin' you. I driv' the stage from Maysville cook slapjacks an' bile inions an' sich like. to Paris fur years when I was nothin' but a Wa-al! as I were a-sayin', we traded—fur cash—solid basis, reg'lar ole hard time rocks, an' ask round Mount Sterling or the Blue Licks; when I went fur to light my cheroot, I were I reckon that you'll hear a heap 'bout a gena-gwine to use an ole letter, but you fotched tl'man 'bout my size—a feller w'ot looks like

"You had better leave the letter with m "Wa-al, now, ma'am, the question afore the eetin' is, w'ar is that air durned ole letter?" Black again suggested, "or you may get interest trouble. This Mr. Smith won't like to have

"Get inter trouble!" howled the bullwhack "Yes, ma'am, that's the p'int we're heading er, now fairly beside himself with delight fur! The fact of the matter is, thar's bin a heap o' row kicked up about that 'tarnal ole 'pistle. You see, ma'am, I was with a few of down a 'full hand,' an' that's the kind of man the boys, enjoyin' myself like a gentl'man, in I am! Gct inter trouble? Why, that's my the Big Horn saloon, when I happened jes' by accident to show t'other ole letter. You must out, an' if he says two words to me 'bout his know, marm, I found these hyer two letters durned ole letter skin me fur raw-hides ef l a piece down on the per-a rie; they war jes' don't make him eat it; yes, you bet! chew it, a-lyin' on the sile, sayin' nothin' to nobody, an' too, as ef he liked it! That's the kind of a I picked them up. The flaps of the envelopes war open—rain did it, they say now—durn me ef I know, or care either. I thought that they ear, or throw a cud of terbaccer in my right had been heaved away by some pilgrim, an' I eye, or pull the left-hand lock on the thumb-jes' stuck 'em in my pocket without thinkin'. Wa-al, I slung one of 'em away in hyer t'other some fun! Whar is Smith, or anybody that

backing toward the rear door as he spoke. can't be with you always, you know. I've got to meet a note fur seventeen thousand dollars fully of him, 'kase I courted a Dublin gal onc't
—me an' her split 'kase she sed her ha'r was
auburn, when it was redder'n thunder, an' I

through the rear door of the store just as the miner entered the front one

Naturally there was a burst of laughter at the expense of the retreating blusterer, and the miner, entering in the midst of the merriment

The story of the mysterious letter which Bludsoe had pronounced to be of such value was told to him, but he, knowing the character of the Shian pet so well, merely laughed and remarked that he "reckoned" that the writer of the letter, whoever he might be, wouldn't werry much about it.

And all that day the Pet of the Niobrara pranced from one saloon to another, displaying the letter in each and every place; inchired oudly for one Jabez Smith, and hinted mysteriously of the important contents of the "'pistle," as he generally termed it.

But no Jabez Z. Smith stepped forward to claim his letter up to the time that evening shades fell upon the "magic city." that, but no one in the town had ever heard of any man bearing such an appellation, although as one loud-spoken miner had remarked: the shades below were full of Smiths, and a good many more could be spared and wouldn't be missed from this breathing world.

From nightfall until about nine o'clock the bullwhacker's tall form was missed from the classic shades of the Deadwood shanties, but, right after that time, he suddenly appeared as arge as life and twice as natural, as he would have expressed it.

He had been lying off in French Kate's shebang, one of the vilest haunts in the town, sa-toon and dance-house combined. bserved, glancing at the signature as if she

The bullwhacker's capacity for liquor was omething to be wondered at, but that after aoon he had succeeded in overtaxing his trength, and, overcome by the potent fumes the fragrant "bug-juice to sleep in a chair in French Kate's place, had remained there undisturbed, for the "Madame," as Kate was usually called, rather admired the sublime impudence of the mule driver, and as trade was slack and the roon not needed, she had allowed him to remain in

From French Kate's Bludsoe had started straight for Johnny's shebang, which, as the reader will probably remember—if he has alowed so unimportant a fact to remain within is recollection—was situated right on the outskirts of the town.

The night was dark, the moon not yet being fairly up, and just before coming to the der of evil repute the way ran through some scrub pines. A more lonely spot could not have

been found for miles around, and yet it was within a few hundred yards of the town. Bludsoe's head was not as clear as it might have been, and his walk was decidedly un steady as he entered the little clump of pines.

"Durn my lead mule's right-hand tail!" he exclaimed, as he caught his toe against a good-sized bowlder and tumbled over it; "it's as cussed dark as three black cats up a blind alley hased by the Jack o' spades! And then, suddenly, from behind one of the

ubby pines stepped a tall, dark form. The straggling rays of the feeble moonlight struggling through the dark clouds overhead

gleamed fitfully upon the shining tube of a re volver, glistening in the stranger's hand, and

Bludsoe recognized the situation at once "I pass, stranger; pull light on that air rigger, for durn me if I want to start a grave-vard hyer!" the bullwhacker cried. And Mr. Bludsoe elevated his hands with a

min'te!" cried a hoarse voice.

rentle grace that was really charming.
"How are you fixed?" inquired the roadagent, thus evincing a solicitude in regard to the financial condition of the-man-from-Shian, that was truly delightful, considering that the

questioner was an entire stranger. 'Broke," responded Bludsoe, tersely. 'Is that so?'

"Fact! if mines were sellin' fur ten dollars apiece I ain't got dust enuff to buy a smell." Any other valuables? "Six-shooters.

"Don't want 'em: they'll do for you to raise stake on to get out of town. 'Wa-al, I'm much obliged!" exclaimed Blud-

oe, touched by this delicate consideration. 'Didn't I heer somethin' 'bout some valuable document—a letter or sich like that you were a-cavortin' round town with to-day, or was I a-dreamin'!" remarked the "gentleman

"Oh!" cried Bludsoe, struck with a sudden "mebbe you're Mister Jabez Z. Smith!" "I reckon I'll answer fur him; so hand it

Vainly the giant searched his pockets; no letter could he find. 'Lost it?" asked the disguised man.

when I went to sleep. Somebody's a-bin agoin' through me!"

"Whar did you go to sleep?"
"In French Kate's; durn her ole green, cat eyes! she's levied on that air letter!"
"It's all right; I'll call on her myself, solong! Jest oblege me by turning your back

for a few min'tes. Hol' on! who air you?"

"Silver Sam! sc-long!"
And then the road-agent vanished amid the pines, leaving Bludsoe to swear at his evil for-

(To be continued—commenced in No 362.)

Base-Ball.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1877.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE series of contests for the championship this season promises to be an exceptional one for the reason that the six clubs of the League Association, which alone enter the lists for the League pennant, find in the League Alliance and International Association nines, rivals fully able to cope successfully with the strongest of their own teams. Hitherto the League clubs have had no competitors outside the regular organization able to oppose them with any success, except on rare occasions; but this year the case is different, the "outside" club nines—as those clubs not in the League Association are called having during the first month of the season actually borne off the Up to the close of April the Indianapolis club, the Allegheny and the Stars of Syracuse, rivaled the strongest of the League appended record shows:

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis 1 0

21, Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegh

City
2, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Allegheny City
March 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. April 28, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati

30, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.

In return the St. Louis club defeated the Inanapolis but once out of four games, and the Louisville beat them once only. This successful rivalry with the clubs of the League which had assumed to themselves such superiority in the professional arena, has of course greatly added to the interest of the season's play, inasmuch as instead of there being but six clubs to contest for the United States championship as the League Association claims, there are actually over a dozen competitors.

Another feature of the season's play is the remarkable number of single-figure games not exceeding five runs on the winning side, which have marked the contests of March and April. The record of model games for the opening months of the season of 1877 is an unprecedent ed one, as will be seen by the appended table of single-figure games, played during March and April, up to the 23d of April inclusive:

March 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis at Mem-

pnis. 18. Memphis vs. Indianapolis, at Mem-

April 3, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indiana-

innings)

9. St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis.

13. St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis.

26. Hartford vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn.

30. Allegheny vs. Buckeye, at Allegheny.

21. Indianapolis vs. Louisville, at Indiana-25, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny

25, Allegheny vs. Louisville, at Allegheny
City
23. Allegheny city (10 innings)
14. St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis
16. St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis
17. Yale vs. Alaska, at New Haven
18. Louisville vs. Indianapolis, at Louisville
17. Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston
21. Boston vs. Lowell, at Boston (11 i.)
24. Louisville vs. Buckeye, at Columbus
25. Live Oak vs. Our Boys, at Lyan (12 i.)
24. Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston
14. Boston vs. Harvard, at Boston
19. Athletic vs. Princeton, at Princeton
20. Athletic vs. Princeton, at Princeton
21. Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at Indiana
polis

polis 5
25, Star (of Syracuse) vs. Indianapolis, at Indianapolis 5
10, St. Louis vs. Memphis, at Memphis 5

Another peculiarity of this year's campaign the success of the College club nines in their contests with leading professional clubs. In this respect the nines of Harvard, Yale and inceton have played in fine form as the appended list of their victories over professional nines during April shows:

April 7, Yale vs. New Haven, at New Haven. 13
11, Yale vs. Hayy na'e s, at New Haven. 9
12, Harvard vs. Live Oak, at Lynn. . . . 11
14, Princeton vs. Athletic, at Phila-

delphia
21, Yale vs. Alaska, at New Haven.
21, Harvard vs. Live Oak, at Lynn.
23, Harvard vs. Our Boys, at Boston.
23, Princeton vs. Zephyr, at Princeton.
24, Princeton vs. Athletic, at Princeton.

leveled full at the breast of the bullwhacker.

"Throw up your hands, pilgrim, or thar'll be one mule-driver less in Deadwood in a letes, who unite brain with muscle, and the places from which they severally hail, are as

Catcher-Charles H. Morgan, of the junior class, Cleveland, Ohio. Pitcher-Charles F. Carter, of the junior

class, Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

First Base—William V. Downer, of the junior class, Chittenango, New York. Second Base-George H. Clark, of the freshman class, Hartford, Connecticut. Third Base-Walter I. Bigelow, of the senior

lass, Grafton, Massachusetts. Short-stop—Frank W. Wheaton, of the senior lass, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Right-field--Fayette W. Brown, of the scien-

tific school, Yonkers, New York. Center-field-William P. Williams, of the enior class, New London, Connecticut.

Left-field—Lewis Platt, of the sophomore lass, Waterbury, Connecticut.

Substitute—Joshua M. Sears, of the senior

lass, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Yale Record of April 21 urges the undergraduates to turn out in larger numbers to witness the games, both because their presence "will nerve the players to a higher standard of excellence," and because an increase in the gate-money will attract to New Haven the best clubs of New York and its neighborhood, which clubs "can hardly be expected to sacri fice time and money in coming up here simply to aid us in getting into fine form for our games with Harvard." For the two previous seasons

"Durn it, no!" Bludsoe cried. "I had it play with, but this year there are no professional clubs nearer than New York. With proper support "there is good reason to believe that the present Yale nine will be as successful as any that have preceded it," but "the college must soon take its choice between extending a more liberal financial patronage or expecting almost certain defeat by Harvard.

A splendid game was played in Brooklyn on April 30, on the occasion of the first League championship match as the appended score

Hartford ...

The game was drawn on account of approaching darkness.

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A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-



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pareil measurement. POPULAR OF READING

PODDLE'S WIFE ON A NEW HAT.

BY SOE SOT, SR.

Why, Mr. Poddle, 'pon my word, must I believe my eyes?
You've gone and got another hat. I'm atruck dumb with surprise!
I'm just too much astonished, sir, to speak a single word;
Such torrible extravagance I'm sure I never heard.

Another hat! The one you had was hardly three years old!
As if you owned the Black Hills there and had a mint of gold.
While I economize and work and struggle all the while,
And have to wear a bonnet that's two weeks behind the style.

And it's so out of season that when last I took s It gave me such an awful cold that I can hardly talk; And that's the way I've got to go, while you can put on airs, And gayly sport a silken hat that even no rich man

I tell you, Poddle, this won't do; a pretty pass has You could have worn that other hat and saved that monstrous sum; For it was plenty good enough for one as poor as you, And there's no use of wasting words; you know I never do.

I need a thousand things to wear, and half I cannot get,
You'll drive me clearly out o' my head so much you
make me fret.
Your suit, I see, don't match the hat, and next
thing you will go
And get a new one out and out; now see if this
ain't so!

If I was not the patient wife that I have always

been.
You would get hauled across the coals week out, sir, and week in.
And goodness knows it won't be long, if you go en this way,
That I'll begin to murmur some, and tell what I've to say.

Great shakes! a seven dollar hat! Now, Poddle, this won't do;
You'll make—what, only cost you one!—the old hat made up new? I really had a mind to soold, though I relatined, It only cost a dollar, dear? Well, give the six to

Cavalry Custer.

From West Point to the Big Horn; OR,

> THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGGON. BY LAUNCE POYNTZ

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC

THE Grand Duke Alexis was on his way out West when Sheridan telegraphed Custer to come to Fort Riley. The young prince had been in New York a few weeks before, thence to Niagara Falls, then all the way to San Francisco on the Pacific Railroad, which was now open from end to end. The running of that road had cleared the plains of the Indians, and there was no more danger in those places where Custer had followed after the Cheyennes, only three years before. Buffalo were much scarcer, however, which was a disadvantage for sport, as much as the absence of Indians was an advantage for safety.

Custer got into the train and was whirled away to the West, arriving in due time at Fort Riley, where the Grand Duke had already made his appearance. The famous scout, Cody, who is so familiar to the readers of the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL, was also there, Buffalo Bill himself in person, and a splendid hunting-party was speedily organized, with a band of musi and everything to suit. At least a hundred Indian scouts had been engaged, who roamed far and wide over the plains, marking down herds of buffalo and driving them toward the fort, so as to make game seem plentiful. It trouble in finding game, but every one was determined that the Grand Duke should find

The appointed morning came, and Alexis The Grand Duke was and is a splendid-looking fellow, six feet high, broad and strong, with a pleasant face, always friendly. He wore jacket and trousers of strong gray cloth, high boots and a fur cap, and carried one handsome revolver. His horse was of course a splendid animal, the best money could buy or hire.

ster wore his well-known frontier dress with its fringed cape and sleeves, while his long curls flowed down over his shoulders. He carried the new Springfield carbine, just then introduced in the army, and his piece had been altered into a sporting rifle by a gunsmit making it a very handsome weapon. brought on from Louisville a new horse, a perfect thoroughbred; and no doubt Alexis though that if all the American generals were like Custer, they were a handsome set of fellows.

As they got near the hunting-ground down came Buffalo Bill, full speed, to meet them. Cody was splendidly dressed, in the same gayted buck-skin suit that he after ward used in the ["Scouts of the Prairie," on Of course it was not his working dress, but Alexis never knew the difference and he was delighted with these handsome costumes all round him. Then the Indian scouts, who had been driving buffalo, came up in new blankets, and all gay with feathers. They reported buffalo over the next hill.

It is needless to describe this hunt any further, for all buffalo-hunts are much the same,

and this was no exception.

The Grand Duke turned out to be a good rider and shot, and killed his buffalo lil good fellow. Custer shot two, and Buffalo Bill, with his peculiar knack, finished five in as many shots. Long practice had shown him just where to aim to kill every time.

The Grand Duke spent several days buffalohunting, and accumulated quite a little store of trophies, and he was so much delighted with Custer's frank courtesy of manner, that when the hunt was over, he invited the general to come with him on the rest of his trip through Louisville, where they met Mrs. Custer, whose quiet, ladylike demeanor pleased the prince as ell as the gallant looks of the general. Cus ter received permission from head-quarters to accept the invitation, and Mrs. Custer joined the party, which made quite an extended tour of all the Southern States, ending at New Or leans, where a Russian frigate waited for

Alexis. So there was our poor farmer's boy, the son | dian carelessn of the village blacksmith at New Rumley traveling about the United States on terms of equality with the heir of the greatest empire in the world, his little wife holding her own among the prince and nobles, as if she had been born to a throne. It was a sight peculiar to America, and hardly possible anywhere

idleness as well as he could. In the early spring of 1873, to his great joy, the Seventh Cavalry was once more ordered to the plains, and himself with it.

The occasion was this: it had been determined, since the Pacific Railroad had succeed ed so well, having pacified all the Indians to its south, that another road, through the more northerly territories, should be run. This de termination proved, in the end, very disastrous nasmuch as the new line ran through the territories of the Sioux, and the Sioux were the only Indians that had so far almost always had the best of the government in battle.

However, it was settled that the road should be surveyed, and a military escort, consisting of the 22d infantry and 7th cavalry, and Gene ral Stanley, with Custer second in command, was ordered to accompany the surveyor's

Custer concentrated his regiment at Memphis, the companies coming in from all round the States where they had been scattered, all very glad to get there. They took boat up the sippi and Missouri to St. Paul, where they landed, marching then overland, up the Missouri, to the village of Bismark, in Dakotah. Opposite to Bismark, where the Northern Pacific road then terminated, was Fort Abraham Lincoln, where the expedition was to concentrate in May. It was now the beginning of April, but the winter was not yet over in those high latitudes, for the column was overtaken at Yankton Agency by a tremendous snowstorm, which nearly froze them all, and left a yard of snow on the ground. Several ladies were with the column, including Mrs. Custer, who always marched at the head of the troops when she was allowed, and these ladies had a hard time in the snow. However, it proved to be the last storm of the season, for a few days after warm weather set in, and by the time they reached Fort Lincoln, not a trace of white was on the ground.

Here, to their great disappointment, the ladies found that all their ride had been in vain, for the baggage was ordered back, and the regiment received directions for speedy service in the field with the Stanley Expedi

tion, to the Yellowstone River. The ladies, very reluctantly, had to take the cars at Bismark, and Mrs. Custer returned to Monroe. Custer and the Seventh soon started with the Stanley column. Here a strange meeting occurred between Custer and an old friend and enemy of his, General Rosser, late of the Southern army. After the surren-der of Lee, poor Rosser, like many another brave fellow who fought on the losing side, in the Civil War, found himself cut adrift with no way to make a living except by begin ning life afresh. Having been through West Point in the same class with Custer, he was a good engineer, so he made his way up to Min nesota, entered service with the new railroad as a laborer, and worked his way up to be chief eagineer. Now, therefore, it happened that he and Custer, who had not met each other since the surrender at Appomattox, came together two thousand miles away, and eight years later, as friends and comrades.

As you can fancy, they had many a pleasant talk over their old battles, explaining move ments to each other. Those eight years and and his own success had taken away all the bitterness of past defeats from Rosser, and he and Custer became very close friends, ever

The column started from Fort Lincoln in the spring as soon as the grass was well up, and roceeded due west toward the Yellowstone River on the line where the railroad was pro Their early progress was quite rapid, the plains being quite smooth till they came to the line of the Little Missouri, beyond which the "bad lands" commenced. lands are horrible places, seamed with broad deep fissures, almost impassable for wagons, and frequently delayed them so that the train would only make five miles a day. The distance from the Little Missouri to the Yellowthe ways were so difficult that it was not till July that the great river was reached. Ther Juster proposed to General Stanley that he, Custer, should go ahead every day with two r three companies of cavalry, pick out a good oad, and leave a broad trail for the wagons to General Stanley was only too glad to assent to this arrangement, which soon brought Custer into quite a handsome fight.

In the early part of the journey no Indians had been seen, and even on the Yellowstone it was some time before any indications of their presence were met. As it turned out, however, the column was being watched all the celebrated chief, Sitting Bull

Sitting Bull was and still is the most daring and implacable of all the Indians of the North When the whole Sioux nation made peace with the whites, when Red Cloud and potted Tail, with all their braves, had come in and settled on the agencies, Sitting Bull alone held out. With a little band, sometimes of less than a hundred warriors, he remained out in the deserts round the Yellowstone, proud from the power of the government. As long as the Yellowstone country was not wanted. Sitting Bull was left alone in his glory, but the coming of the Stanley column showed him that he must fight if he hoped to drive out the All the summer, while Stanley's great train of wagons was slowly creeping along the plains, Indians had been seen passing to and fro between Sitting Bull's little band and the different tribes on the agencies of the Missouri Here the Indians used to get guns and cartridges, ostensibly to hunt, while they slipped off, one or two at a time, really to join

Therefore, there was very little to wonder at, when Custer, one fine morning, while reposing his little squadron of about ninety men ome ten miles ahead of the main column, was suddenly attacked by Sitting Bull, with at least three hundred warriors, who drove the soldiers to the bank of the river, and besieged them there for several hours.

They could not budge Custer and the Seventh, however.

As usual, the soldiers fought on foot, sending their horses into shelter, and, as usual, the Indians wasted their time "circling," throwing away ammunition, when their first charge had been repulsed.

How long Custer might have held out, as he was situated, is uncertain, but the timely arrival of two squadrons of the Seventh extri-cated him from his dilemma. The way these came to be sent up was in consequence of In-

It seemed that, beside the main party attackroaming about, one of them led by a smooth-The Alexis trip over, Custer returned to osities, of which the Yellowstone country is buds.

Louisville, and were through the next year of full. Rain-in-the-Face came on these two old men, Dr. Houzinger and Mr. Baleran, and killed them both, leaving their bodies so that the advance of the column found them. He also killed a straggler of the Seventh, named Ball,

> The finding of these bodies of course made General Stanley very anxious about Custer's detachment, and he at once sent off the rest of the Seventh to help their leader. The new force had not arrived within three miles when the wary Indians spied it, and began to draw Custer, with the quick decision natural to off. him, divined the presence of his friends, and determined to give his enemies a lesson.

> Not waiting for the reinforcement he mounted his men, charged Sitting Bull, and drove him helter-skelter for nearly ten miles before he stopped, then came slowly back to camp, with the loss of only two men wounded.

This was his first Indian-fight since 1869, and ended in a triumph won against tremendous odds. Only a few days afterward down came Sitting Bull again, this time on the main expedition, with a much larger force. It was omputed at the time that there were at least fifteen hundred Indians in sight, so many al-

lies had joined Sitting Bull. This time, however, the chief did not get off so easily. He had not calculated on the presence of a battery of small rifle-cannon which

was in the train, carefully hidden. Custer was given the main management of this fight, and encouraged the Indians to come on by throwing out a small force at first. sooner were the Indians fairly in sight, clustered in crowds out of carbine-shot, than the artillery pitched a few shells into them, and sent them flying, completely demoralized.

After that the expedition had no more

trouble from Sitting Bull, except small annoyances. At the end of the summer it broke up, having returned to Fort Lincoln.

Custer was ordered to take post till further directions at Fort Rice, Dakota, twenty miles

(To be continued—commenced in No. 363.)

ELEANORE. BY E. A. S.

Thou comest as in the days of yore, With loving smile and fond embra And, looking in thine earnest face, I find thee still MY Eleanore.

The past has been so sad and lone, My heart throbbed heavily through tears; I did not dream the coming years Would bring thee hitherward, mine own.

And now, although the trees are bare, And the far hills are cold and brown, Though snowflakes flutter slowly down, A summer radiance fills the air.

My heart has burst its chains of ice; It throbs and swells with transport fine; I drink rich draughts of love's rich wine, And all my being doth rejoice!

Saved to Curse.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"HANDSOME? Yes, as a god. Rich? To embarrassment, they say. His name? Clive Pemberton. Reputation! —."

A forcible shrug of the shoulders took the

place of the words for which John Silverbridge was waiting; a shrug of the shoulders that told, as plainly as words could have told, that Clive Pemberton's reputation was not sans

John Silverbridge and the friend who had spoken, stood beside the sandy stretch of seashore, a little apart from a group of roughlylooking down on the un scious face and figure of a man lying there, drenched and chilled, whom John Silverbridge had, at risk of his own life, saved from drown ing, not five minutes before, and who, with his savior, only awaited the coming of a cart to carry them to warmth and comfort. was a tight struggle. Silve

Once, I thought you were both done for.' "How handsome he is! I never saw a more perfect face. And by his clothing and jewelshould say he was wealthy, and yet how little his riches would have availed! He is a

stranger to me. Do you know him, or of Then the friend, an elderly, weather-beaten, grave-faced man had answered in the words

John Silverbridge listened and saw the ex-

oressive French gesture.
"Pemberton? Not young Pemberton of

March Place-not the godless young heir to the millions his father so lately left? Not that Clive Pemberton?"

Yonder is the cart and hot blankets. Where shall we take him! Unless he gets vigorous assistance soon all your efforts vill have proved unavailing. He barely

John Silverbridge heritated only one second efore he gave the answer to the teamster at

the horse's head To my house, as fast as you can get over

Then he turned to shake hands with his

"For one second I felt afraid to take Clive Pemberton to my house—my Ethel is so fair and so gracious, and so romantic. But you will agree I have only acted humanely?"

'I dare not say. But this I know, I never et have known old prophecy to fail-that whoever one rescues from death by drowning, is bound to work the deepest misery against his preserver that tongue can name. I may be superstitious, Silverbridge, but I am as sure as that I am alive and warning you, that Clive Pemberton will turn your life into a

Silverbridge smiled, as the cart drove on. 'You are no less fanciful as you grow older, see. Come see us when you can.

And so they parted, and John Silverbridge took Clive Pemberton home to his sister Ethel, so fair, so gracious, so romantic

She was certainly an exquisitely beautiful girl, and hours afterward, when Clive Pemberton suddenly opened his eyes out of a reviving sleep, which exhaustion and the comfort of the warm, soft nest into which John Silverbridge's housekeeper had put him, had induced, it seemed to him that the graceful, statuesque girl sitting in the shadows of the darkened room, with a faint roseate gleam of fire-glow sion of perfect astonishment and admiration in the picture showed several stages of widen-on her face and hair, was less human than that he almost forgot his perpetual grace of ing and then relaxing. The dark room again

He 'lay very quietly for some time, watchthe cut of the features that were pure as a her like a royal diadem, the silky loveliness Rain-in-the-Face. This scamp happened to of the straight brows and heavy, long lashes, come on two peaceable quiet old men, who bethat lay on her marble fair cheeks, at her

he remembered the sudden capsizing of the rowboat he had, foolhardy, ventured out in, and he realized he had been saved and was in the hands of those who had cared for him.

an undesired wish he forthwith made up his both live? mind to see the eyes; and so, he gave a faint sigh, as if just returning to wakefulness.

And instantly Ethel was on her feet beside the couch where he was lying, her midnight dark eyes looking eagerly, anxiously into his beautiful darkly-violet ones.

"You are better? How thankful I am! Please do not attempt to speak—I will send Mrs. Darron to you at once."

And the quick, sweet tones in a pure, clear contralto, the smile so frank, so bewitching, that accompanied it, made Clive Pemberton swear this girl was the fairest he ever had seen, and that he would make her smile again upon him-Clive Pemberton, whose reputation as a heartless flirt had gone forth far and near, who had played with, only to destroy, more women's hearts than he could count!

That was the beginning. After that, Clive Pemberton came often to the Silverbridges, and Ethel's pure white cheeks learned to flush to the tint of an oleander at sight of him, with his splendid blonde beauty, his magnetic violet eyes that were not long in looking the most ardent love in hers. And Ethel's brother saw it—grave, staid John, who had saved Clive Pemberton's life, and who had smiled, almost laughed, when his friend repeated the supersti-

tious legend. "And why should they not love each other?" he asked himself hourly. "If I was afraid at the first, it was because I feared my Ethel might love him unsolicited. But when he loves her so, when I can read it in his face, his eyes, his manner-why should I not rejoice that such a fair prospect opens to my one little sister? Should I, who so soon will bring my one especial darling home to be my wife, I, who know what it is to love with all my soul, refuse to sanction their affection only because people have said he was a lady's man!

A few weeks later, when the first spring breezes began to blow warmly, Clive Pember ton came to him and asked him for Ethel to be his wife; and he gave him his cordial consent, and of all people in the world, Ethel Silver-

bridge was the happiest. cannot understand it," she would say to her lover, when his arms were around her, and his blue eyes looking love into hers. "Why should you love me, Clive, when you have known so many lovely women in the society you frequent? Why have you passed them all by, to come to such a one as I? Oh, Clive, love, love, can I ever let you know how much you are to me, my king, my god, my own dar-

And he would smile in her rapt eyes and tell her she underestimated herself, and very

But he liked to hear her talk so, he enjoyed the honest flattery she poured out like an ob-lation upon him, and he knew that what she said was true-it was somewhat strange that he, who had been the pet and darling of the circle in which he moved, should have become so desperately infatuated with this girl who

had neither a great name or money or anything

but her sweet self to give him. The engagement was to be kept secret for awhile at Ethel's own suggestion, until, she explained, John's bride should I ave come, and John's wedding was a thing of the past Then the preparation for John's home-coming began, and, from morning till night, it seemed as if the name of the fair young bride-elect was on

"I will confess you have made me positively curious, Ethel, about this wonderful 'Elsie' of your brother's. Have you no picture of her to show a fellow? Perfection will surely

Ethel laughed at her lover's speech. We have no photograph, Clive-and real ly Elsie is not so pretty after all. It is her

ay that slays people.' Do you think she will slav me. Ethel, in ommon with other people?" "Clive! How wicked! Why, she'll be

Clive laughed at Ethel's look of holy hor-"And does my little girl expect never to

charm any one again after she is my wife?"

She looked solemnly, almost, in his handme face-oh, so handsome that her heart throbbed with rapturous pride.

I never want to even be admired when I am your wife, dear, only by you."

To this fair, gracious, loving girl, those lays were the happiest days of her life. It eemed that until now she never had lived, that, until now, the sun never had shone She made her first quiet preparations for her marriage with a heart almost too light for endurance, and every heart-throb was a silent prayer of thanksgiving that Heaven had meted ut to her such a measure of almost more than human happiness.

John's wedding-day came in due time; and then the bride came home, the only girl of all women on the face of God's earth who had ever quickened his heart-beats—the only girl he ever had imagined, even for his wife; and he had poured out upon her just such idola trous worship, placed in her just such beautiful faith as his sister Ethel gave to Clive Pemberton. Only, in John Silverbridge's case, there was the difference of years and years in their ages-he, a grave, reticent, proud man of nearer fifty than forty, and Elsie a bonny girl She had always loved him, she thought, from

the time, years and years ago, when Mr. Silverbridge, a man then, had ridden her on his She had always been taught that John Silverbridge was superior to other men, when somewhat to her surprise, and very much to her proud delight, he asked her to be his wife. Elsie Grey thought no girl in all the

She was in all the first flush of her half-girlish, half-womanly triumph as John Silvertroduced to her by Ethel; and for one moment there was on his face such an expres

She had come upon him like a revelation. ing her; noting the perfect pose of her form, She was unlike any woman he had ever seen, the gentle curves, the tender grace of it; noting. She was not beautiful, according to the stricting Custer, there were small bands of Indians Greek statue; noting the jetty blackness and her freshness, her joyousness, her half-shy, luster of the heavy circle of hair that crowned | half-proud sweetness of manner, her infectious delightedness—the strange, subtle sense of presence she created, the nameless, exquisite charm that hung about her like some invisible, longed to the main column, but who had fallen into the habit of roaming away to collect curismal, and yet suggesting the daintiest of rose-combined to affect Clive Pemberton with sensations he had never before experienced, and

He watched her-a feeling of intensest ad- that he had no desire to analyze, but accepted miration growing upon him as the natural be-wilderment of his situation passed away, and enjoyed the goods lavish gods had ever showered upon him.

Why should I fly from the presence of a woman who charms and fascinates me, beyond the power even of my betrothed to charm and Then, an irresistible desire to see the eyes of such a beautiful girl possessed him; and, as Clive Pemberton was a man who never had yet an undesired wish he forthwith made up his her had been as Ethel's husband, so long as we have the such as the forthwith made up his her him and the such as the such as

And he acted up to the very spirit of his self-imposed law. He was in her society much and often-never markedly alone, or markedly at all. Mr. Silverbridge was with them often, and Ethel always, and the two fair women petted him and caressed him with pride and delight, and Elsie would tell her new sister what a prize her lover was, what a happy

For a while she told Ethel that, with her sunny brown eyes all alight. For a while she was like incarnate music and warmth and light in her husband's home, where she was idol, queen and darling; and then, gradually, there came over her times of most depressing gloom, alternated with outbursts of almost tropical tenderness toward her husband; there came times when for days she would go about her beautiful home, pale and sad-eyed, quiet and weariedly; then again her gay laugh, her unnaturally bright eyes, her crimson-glowing cheeks, would attract attention.

And John Silverbridge never knew the why or the wherefore of it all. And bonny Ethel

never knew, until-The blow came like a thunderbolt from a clear blue sky. Swift as lightning, with un erring aim that struck its fatal dart, and crushed two hearts into hopelessly despairing agony that will never be eased while those

There was no preparatory sign—no premoni-

tion, even of the faintest. All at once-one calm, perfect June dusk when Ethel was dressed in her fairest and best, waiting for Clive Pemberton to call for her according to agreement made in the morning which had been spent as usual by the entire little circle; when the dainty seven-o'clock dinner was beneath its silver covers on the table, and John Silverbridge was growing just a wee bit impatient that Elsie had outstayed her time on her errand to the village, whither she had driven two hours before in her pony phaeton; when all the events of life quietly transpiring as usual, the lightning stroke came a sealed letter left by a messen ger, addressed to John Silverbridge, and it

read, in hastily-penciled lines: "If you can help it, don't curse us. Elsie loves me, and I have worshiped her from the first. We are going together—we do not yet know where. Tell Ethel all; God help her. C. P.

And the shadow of rayless darkness settled for all time on the pitifully-blasted home, and never does any hour of the day pass that John Silverbridge does not recall the superstition he smiled incredulously at. He is a bowed, white-haired man, who seldom talks—even to the blanched-faced, pitiful-eyed woman, who lives on, with a broken heart.

And of Elsie and Pemberton! God be merciful to them!

Beat Time's Notes.

A grass widow does not put on weeds. A man who picks a fuss is likely to get in a

A man who wears a law-suit has surely come to bad close.

Some very weak ladies show a very great deal of muskular strength. Eggs, like horses, are not fit for anything

much until they are broken. To dream you are writing your name on

mother man's note is a bad sign The true value of a man should always be neasured by his deeds-and mortgages.

An old maid said the other day that she was ike Time, because she waits for no man. Cultivate an equable temper; if it is bad let it remain so, if good keep it so, don't let it

He was making fun of a cupola on the house, and Knox said he didn't see but what it

was better than a mortgage on it. It will soon be time to fish for fleas; in some localities they have already begun to bite good. You bait the hook yourself.

Jones says if his girl paid more attention to curling her hair and less to curling her lip he ould be treated less scornfully. It is easier for a rich man to swallow a camel

than for this thread to go through the eye of this blind needle, said old Mrs. Skimps. He wore a few relics of past ages in the

shape of clothes. And he looked as if he would like to accept the position of driver on a bread wagon. And he poured his glass perfectly full, and

there was any of it left. And he said to the bar-tender, "My Christian friend, I have been traveling through this world of woe of late years without money from the fact that I am a specie man; paper money is not money, and I do not enco its use by countenancing its circulation. When gold, which is money, gets round again, then I

will have the money to pay you. It is not my fault, but the fault of the Government, don't And as he went out of the saloon, the bartender's foot was subsequent to him.

Two country lovers went hand in hand to the gallery to get their picters tuck together. The artist seated her, and stood him at her side, shoulder, and permitted her to rifle his pockets got everything ready, took the lid off of the for bon-bons. She had always been taught machine, and turned his back. Jonathan hadn't had a kiss for a spell, so he bent over and deposited one on Ruth Ann's mug. artist went into the small room which presently got too small to hold all the profanity that generated in it. and some of it leaked out He came back and told them they would have to hold up on kissing for a minute if they wanted a picture to show, and said that he'd try them again. But Jonathan couldn't resist patting her on the cheek, and Ruth's smile got too full of profane atmosphere, and the artist came out, mad all over, and says he Now, look here; if you want a picture, the only way to get it done is for you to sit in her est laws of lines and curves and features, but lap, but your arms round each other and your ips together; may be I can get one that way. Jonathan said, "What do you take us for! I'm not taking you at all, but I wouldn't take you for a good deal this way.' took her hand and said, "Come on, Ruthy,